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The Week

THE CIO, during the week ending March 9, won its greatest victory thus far, when it signed an agreement with the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel. The details of the agreement, and the American labor situation in general, are discussed elsewhere in this issue. On March 8, the United Automobile Workers ordered strikes in the Detroit plants of the Chrysler Corporation, on the issue of recognition of the union as the sole agency for collective bargaining. As the quarrel between the CIO and the A.F. of L. deepened, leaders of the Federation were reported to be contemplating the amazing step of a boycott on goods produced by members of CIO unions. . . . President Roosevelt launched a frontal attack on the Supreme Court in the first of a series of addresses broadcast by radio making the direct argument that the present conservative majority is preventing a program of social legislation desired by most of the American people. . . . The Pittman resolution embodying a program intended to keep the United States out of war was passed by the Senate. . . . Governors of six important industrial states conferred with President Roosevelt and afterward expressed the opinion that the contemplated cut of 600,000 in the WPA rolls would not be made. . . . Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York suggested that the World's Fair of 1939 might well include an effigy of Hitler in a "chamber of horrors." Following angry protests from the Nazis, Secretary Hull offered the customary expressions of regret. . . . The House of Representatives, as it was expected to do, adopted a naval bill carrying appropriations of $526,000,000.

THE Little World War in Spain continued last week with a slight military advantage to the loyalists. Large additional Italian forces were reported to have been landed, presumably in preparation for a great spring offensive by Franco. The international blockade to prevent the arrival of further foreign troops or supplies, one of the grimmest pieces of hypocrisy in modern times, was postponed again, from March 6 to March 20. . . . Mussolini answered the new British program of rearmament by announcing a tremendous new scheme of his own that will increase the present staggering burden on the Italian people. . . . France, whose financial problems were not solved by devaluation, eliminated the restrictions on the movement of gold and prepared for a large new internal loan, to be payable in francs, pounds or dollars. . . . The Japanese Foreign Minister announced a new policy of friendship with China, disavowing any territorial aggression south of the Great Wall. . . . Alarmed by reports of disaffection in Szechwan Province, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek left Nanking for a personal study of the situation. . . . In a municipal election the British Labor Party again won control of the London County Council, with an increased majority. . . . Cuban producers of sugar were reported to be gravely disturbed over President Roosevelt's plan for a quota system and a bounty to American sugar interests on the formula of the AAA. The Cubans maintained that such a scheme would violate the existing agreement with the United States.

HUMANKIND can get used to almost anything; life for many people, at many times and places, would be unendurable if this were not true. The American people have so adjusted themselves to the dreadful spectacle of what is happening in Europe that news which would have been sensational twenty-five years ago now passes with hardly more than a shrug of the shoulder. The destruction of

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Ethiopia is a case in point and the tragedy in Spain is another. People glance at reports of aerial bombardment of Spanish towns by German and Italian aviators, of the maiming or killing of helpless noncombatants by the thousands, and turn casually to the next page to see who won the seventh race at Hialeah. Behind the Spanish massacres, the march of Europe toward war continues. One begins to understand, thinking of these things, those reports of executions which invariably say that the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast before he marched to the gallows or the electric chair. No one ever really believes in an impending doom—his own or that of others—until it is upon him.

THE Pittman resolution, which passed the Senate last week, represents an important advance over existing neutrality legislation. It provides for an embargo on arms, ammunition and loans, keeps Americans out of war areas except at their own risk and requires all trade with belligerents to be on a cash-and-carry basis. American vessels could not be employed to transport any commodities designated by the President as contraband. Important elements in a satisfactory peace program that are omitted are provisions for the orderly liquidation of foreign-owned American securities in case of war and for acquiring reserve stocks of essential imports in advance of a conflict. If these additions had been made, the measure would probably represent the most advanced legislation that is possible in the present temper of the country. Particularly valuable is the fact that there is no presidential discretion to distinguish between aggressor and victim, a policy which would not only be almost impossible to execute, but would undoubtedly drag the United States into war. The Senate measure gives the President far less discretion than the similar House bill, and is therefore the more desirable.

SENATOR Nye and some of his colleagues on the committee that investigated the munitions industry are now proposing that the United States government should manufacture its own military supplies, including war vessels. It is true, certainly, that public ownership of arms factories is no automatic guarantee that a nation will pursue a peaceful course. But there are great advantages in the course that Senator Nye and his colleagues recommend. Their own investigation, conducted over many months, reveals what some of these advantages are. Public ownership would do away with the constant pressure by shipbuilders and arms manufacturers for increasing government appropriations for military purposes, pressure which in the United States has helped to bring our expenditures up to the fantastic total of $3,000,000 a day. The private arms industry has done much to foment ill will among other nations, as in Latin America and Asia Minor, for the purpose of selling ever increasing amounts of armament to both sides. These sales have in some instances been accompanied by bribery on a large scale. Important new military inventions developed here have been made available to foreign governments solely on a basis of profit to American business men and without regard to the question of our national safety that is involved. If there is any valid argument against the Nye proposal, we do not know what it is. Certainly, it has not been advanced by the arms makers, whose sheaves of propaganda boil down into the statement that they have made a lot of money in the past and wish to keep it up.

THE newspapers nowadays offer on their front pages a mass of items regarding strikes—threatened, called or settled. No doubt to some timid souls the general impression is that labor has suddenly entered a phase of unparalleled belligerence the end of which no man can foresee. It is well to remember, in these times, that in practically all cases, the workers are now seeking, not an advance but the recovery of ground lost during the darkest days of the depression. When wages were cut, hours were lengthened and machines speeded up, in '31 or '32, that was not news and no paper bothered to print it. Labor at that time was usually forced to accept the impairment of its economic status; the employers held the whip hand. Today, business done and profits created justify a return to better standards for the workers; but they can return only by fighting, or threatening to fight. And that makes headlines.

CONCRETE evidence of congressional backing for a long-term public-works program such as is discussed by T.R.B. in his Washington Notes column in this issue is contained in a statement given out by a group of sixteen members of Congress on March 7. The signers include Maury Maverick, Mrs. Caroline O'Day and other acknowledged leaders of progressive thought who estimate that this kind of program would have the support of at least 125 members of the House. The signers set forth a list of ten general principles that should govern such a program, which are in substantial agreement with the course of action The New Republic has been advocating for years. The congressional group establishes as its first objective, "Work for all who are able and willing to work and cannot find private employment." This work is to be "useful, productive and efficient as any work anywhere" and workers are to be hired "not because they are 'on relief' but because they need a job and are able to do it efficiently." A fourth principle proclaims that the government program is to be "enlarged when private industry lays people off and to be cut down when private industry hires them back," while permanent value of the works is to be assured by allowing "a reasonable expenditure for materials and equipment, as well as for wages." One objective is to "develop and maintain the kinds of skill and ability which are most likely to be in demand in private industry," and the projects chosen are to be of a kind that will "stimulate all industry," with soil conservation, low-cost housing and cheaper power men-

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tioned as specific possibilities. The existing federal art projects are to be continued and improved. The group insists, finally, that such a program must be federal and interstate in character, and "by and large the program should not be financed by borrowing, but by equitable taxation on the basis of ability to pay and benefits received."

NO ONE would have believed, a year or two ago, that we should see the sort of thing that is happening today as an outgrowth of the quarrel between the CIO and the A.F. of L. Mr. Green and his associates, in their anger at the rise of the CIO to power, seem quite prepared to risk the destruction of the labor movement as a whole in order to maintain their own dominant position in whatever small fraction of it might survive. What they are doing, or planning to do, is to take over the dummy company unions in the steel industry in order to fight the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. They have stood by, or have even given aid and comfort to the enemy, while the CIO was fighting and winning its recent battles in the automobile and other industries. They are actually considering the suicidal course of boycotting both producers' and consumers' goods manufactured by workers who are members of CIO unions. There is still time to heal the breach in the American labor movement and every reason, from labor's own point of view, why this should be done. The only real objection that the A.F. of L. has to John Lewis and the CIO is that they have gone into the mass industries and in a short time achieved substantial results for workers in whom the A.F. of L. has never taken any real interest. If the old-line leaders do not face the situation and modify their course, they may prove the chief sufferers—and perhaps the only ones.

THE British government is attempting to provide a gas mask for every inhabitant of the city of London, and to that program there was last week a little addition. At an exhibition of public-health equipment a gasproof baby carriage was displayed. It has a metal cover, with a window through which the baby may be observed, and air is pumped in by a hand bellows through a regular gas-mask filter. This sounds a lot better than the last device we heard of, which consisted of putting the baby in a sack and getting the filtered air in with a bicycle pump, but even the new scheme has some flaws. For one thing it isn't bombproof. When we take our baby to war he's going to have a bombproof as well as a gasproof carriage. No invention of our civilization should be withheld from our babies, especially inventions concerned with such a major characteristic of that civilization as war.

OUR old friend the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith is in again. As he himself might say, with appropriate gestures, "The whirlwind passeth, the storm goeth by, men with ambitions looketh about again." You can say what you like about the Reverend but you have to hand it to him; when it comes down to a sheer, unadulterated, 100-percent determination to run the works—brothers and sisters, the Reverend is there! One would think, after the November tornado that blew the Reverend's "Share-Our-Wealth" tabernacle to pieces of matchwood, that he wouldn't be going around—as he again might say—tempting the fury and the wrath. Yet here he is, living in one of those fancy flesh-pot New York hotels, forming a brand-new organization: the Committee of One Million. That's a powerful big committee, Reverend, but we understand you've got a powerful big job on your hands. Doggone it, you have to have a big committee to save America—to say nothing of running the works.

THE report published by The Philadelphia Record that the Duke of Windsor has leased a home near Baltimore, Maryland, for himself and Her Presumptive Grace, the Duchess Wally, raises an interesting question in journalistic procedure. The privacy-shattering activities of the American press, and particularly the more sensational wings thereof, are generally credited with having driven our number-one hero, Colonel Lindbergh, to seek refuge in England. Now the direction is reversed, and England's great popular hero is said to be planning to outwit British and Continental pressmen by coming to America. We simply pose the question—Do Edward and Wallis think the American gutter press has lost its virility? Do they fondly imagine that if Europe's attentions proved unbearable, they can "take it" in America? As this great experiment in a kind of exchange scholarship for journalistic exiles appears imminent, we must sorrowfully record our opinion that a mixture of drool and mud can be brewed and slung just about as ably on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.

ELECTIONS on March 4 for the London County Council resulted in one of the biggest victories for the Labor Party it has achieved in recent years, and indicated a surprising discrepancy between its local prestige and its national prestige in the minds of the same voters. In the borough of St. Pancras, for example, all six County Council seats are now held by Labor, although the three seats in Parliament for the area are held by Conservatives. Though this may be partially explained on the theory that conservative voters are more lax about voting on municipal affairs than are Laborites, the important tendency is probably a deeper one. In national affairs the Labor Party has long been trotting with meekly drooping head after a Tory master, but in London Herbert Morrison, the Labor Party leader, has planned and is executing a sound and aggressive program of municipal reform. Even the Conservatives call themselves the Municipal Reform Party, which indicates that they at least suspect a real progressivism on the part of the voters, and it would seem to be this progressivism that has increased Mr. Morrison's majority on the Council

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from the twenty he won in 1934 to twenty-six, seventy-five seats out of one hundred and twenty-four. A sidelight on the elections is furnished by the happy fact that all of the six candidates of Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist Party were defeated, mustering altogether the support of only 7,640 electors.

IT IS a pleasure to record the fact that North Dakota has adopted a law abolishing compulsory military training in state-supported educational institutions. The vote in the North Dakota House was 59 to 46 and in the Senate it was 28 to 20. In signing the bill Governor Langer said, "Frankly, I believe that the Agricultural College and the State University were not founded to train men to fight. They were chartered for specific purposes—among others, to provide an education. . . . Certainly it should not be necessary to require that young men take military drill before they can receive an academic degree. In adhering to the business of education these schools serve the state best." North Dakota thus becomes the third state to shift military training in its land-grant and state institutions from a compulsory to a voluntary-enrolment basis. Wisconsin and Minnesota are the other two. A compilation made by the Committee on Militarism in Education shows that since 1923 a total of thirteen colleges and universities that once made military training compulsory for all male students have either shifted to a voluntary basis or abolished the units altogether. In the same period no institution has changed from a voluntary to a compulsory basis. The tide, though slow, is running in the right direction.

A FEW years ago a new drug was announced that seemed to bring miraculous hope of relief for those who are overweight. Early experiments suggested that by its use, excess fat could be melted away without resorting to heroic dieting and exercise, or to the known dangers of thyroid extract. Before long, however, disturbing reports followed of injury or death among users of this new compound, dinitrophenol. Some persons who employed it succumbed to high fever that could not be reduced by medical skill. In other cases, users developed cataracts resulting in blindness. Because of these experiences The Journal of the American Medical Association a few weeks ago advised that dinitrophenol be discarded entirely, at least until the doctors know more about it than at present. In the meantime, however, it is being sold in drugstores under numerous trademarks, as a patent medicine, and no doubt many people will still be injured or killed by it. Most of the harm that will be done could have been prevented if Congress had passed the revised Food and Drug Bill, proposed early in the first Roosevelt administration. That bill was killed by the combined efforts of the patent-medicine manufacturers and the publishers who depend on these gentlemen for advertising revenue. We hope they enjoy the news of the additional tragedies that will be caused by dinitrophenol; we doubt whether anyone else will.

LABOR'S Non-Partisan League, which did effective work in the campaign to reëlect President Roosevelt, is now sponsoring an eight-point legislative program. Major George L. Berry, president of the League, is sending to all heads of state units texts of model bills embodying the proposals, with the recommendation that such legislation be introduced in local legislatures. The program calls first for state labor-relations acts similar to the national Wagner Act. Another proposed measure would set up state laws similar to the Norris-LaGuardia Act to prohibit the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and a third would protect employees from eviction from their (company) homes during labor disputes. A highly important item calls for a statewide civil-liberties act that would automatically nullify any local ordinance designed to prevent meetings, assemblies, parades, distribution of literature or other legal activities. One of the proposed acts would limit the number of deputy sheriffs and require that their compensation come from public funds, and another would require the licensing of all private police, private guards and private detectives, with former strikebreakers barred. One of the laws would require that any firm entering into a contract with the state must agree to collective bargaining with its own employees, and the final proposal calls for a law requiring employers to pay wages at least twice a month.

ATROCITY stories are easily manufactured and as easily denied, but one cannot dismiss cavalierly such a list of executions by the rebels as the Spanish embassy in London has recently made public. General Franco's forces have killed, among the thousands of others, 108 individuals of prominence as officials, doctors, priests, writers, teachers or the like. Don Adolfo Fernandez Morera, the chief justice of Catalonia, is among those listed, with Señor Perez Carballo, the civil governor of Coruña; Señor Palanco, the rector of the university of Granada; Señor Cordero Bell, the civil governor of Huelva; Señor Bengaray, president of the Left Republican Party of San Pedro; Don Gumersindo Sanchez Guisante, dean of the faculty of Medicine at the University of Zaragoza, and Don Mariano Santamaria, president of the Chamber of Commerce and municipal councillor of Huelva. Altogether there are thirty-five government officials, twelve doctors, fourteen priests, four ministers, seven retired officers or officials, two writers (Don Federico Garcia Lorca is one), eight teachers or professors and two lawyers. Some of the names bear the notation "(shot with his wife)." Almost any professional man will find a name that might be his, in this list. The conservative director of a municipal laboratory, a liberal interne, a thirty-third degree Mason, a retired colonel, here they all are, side by side.

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HERE is a fable for the week. In New York City there lives a magician whose act is a favorite in certain smart cafés. In one of his stunts he produces three golden cups, obviously empty, and places them face downward upon a table cloth. He invites guests to lift the cups, one by one. As this is done, a canary bird hops out from under each cup, preening and chirping his delight at having pleased his master and outwitted the guests. The magician is very proud of his little birds and takes great pains in caring for them and training them for the act. Last week the police suddenly forbade his stunt. The magician couldn't use carefully nurtured canary birds to help him make his living because that is considered cruelty to animals. In the same state of New York the legislature has heretofore refused to ratify the child-labor amendment because states' rights are paramount and if a manufacturer wants to employ the human young at half wages to help him make his living that is merely cruelty to children. For Cardinal Hayes, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and some other people, there is no moral to this tale.

The President Faces the Court

THOSE who have been complaining that President Roosevelt, in announcing his proposal for the Supreme Court, did not speak the entire contents of his mind, can do so no longer. In the series of public utterances on this subject, of which the first was the speech on March 4, he has gone straight to the heart of the matter.

The Court, he says bluntly, is preventing the things that need to be done, that can only be done by the federal government and that are desired, as the election returns showed, by a large majority of the American people. He recalls the action of the Court on the AAA, the NRA, the Railroad Retirement Act, the Guffey Coal Act and the New York Minimum Wage Law. He points to adverse decisions of the lower federal courts on the TVA and the Wagner Labor Relations Law, decisions which he clearly expects the Supreme Court to sustain. He declares that in regard to relief for the farmer, the maintenance of minimum standards for labor, control of floods and droughts and the generation of cheap power, action is needed and needed now. He disavows any intention to break with American tradition and seek a third term for himself. His ambition is

> on January 20, 1941, to turn over this desk and chair in the White House to my successor, whoever he may be, with the assurance that I am at the same time turning over to him, as President, a nation intact, a nation at peace, a nation prosperous, a nation clear in its knowledge of what powers it has to serve its own citizens, a nation that is in the position to use those powers to the full in order to move forward steadily to meet the modern needs of humanity—a nation which has thus proved that the democratic form and methods of national government can and will succeed.

The President, in short, has turned on the heat. In last week's issue of The New Republic our Washington correspondent commented on the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was permitting the Court fight to move at its own pace, that he had abstained from putting any pressure on anyone and contented himself with private discussion with members of Congress conducted in an atmosphere of gentle persuasion. In the intervening seven days, he has changed his tactics notably. He is appealing to the country in the expectation that the people will make their voices heard in Senate and House. There are already evidences that this expectation is being realized.

That the President's indictment of the Court, at last made with such vigor and frankness, is a just one, seems to us beyond dispute. It is quite true that in some of the decisions hostile to the New Deal the liberal minority participated; but it was to the devices used, and not to the end sought, that the members of the minority objected. The members of the majority have demonstrated time and time again that when there is a conflict between human rights and those of property it is to the latter that their allegiance is given. They have created, as Mr. Roosevelt pointed out last week and as The New Republic has often stated in the past, a no man's land in which neither federal nor state government is able to control. They refuse to admit the necessities of a changing world, no matter how great may be the cost of their refusal in the frustration and suffering of millions of their fellow Americans.

It is quite true that the President's proposal does not completely solve the problem presented by the fact that the Court in recent decades has arrogated to itself vast powers never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution. Indeed, his suggestion is only a first step. Everyone recognizes that the future course of action of additional Justices appointed by Mr. Roosevelt or any of his successors is unpredictable. There is no magic in a Court of any given size and no guarantee that a new personnel would invariably pursue a course in the best interest of all the American people. We have repeatedly pointed out in recent weeks that the President's suggestion is but a necessary first step, a breaking of the immediate deadlock by the only device, so far as we are aware, that anyone has suggested that is both constitutional and capable of being put into effect within a reasonably brief period of time. Additional action is also needed and undoubtedly this additional action includes a constitutional amendment. It will in all probability take many years to deflate the Court and restore it to its proper relationship to other government branches.

It is now clear, in our opinion, that neither the President nor anyone else has any marked enthusiasm for the device now under consideration. But no one has any enthusiasm, either, for the situation into which the conservative majority on the Court has brought us by a series of political decisions, politically inspired. Those who are now protesting

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with hysterical vehemence against a "presidential dictatorship" were silent over many years about a far more serious Court dictatorship, one that carried a deeper threat to American institutions than anything President Roosevelt has done or tried to do. The chief valid criticism of Mr. Roosevelt is not that he is now seeking to mitigate that dictatorship but that for so long a period of time he should have passively accepted its consequences.

LaGuardia and the German Press

MAYOR LaGuardia, whom we always like to think of as the little flower of New York, blossomed from the East Side; and the East Side, as its students well know, does not pay much attention to what is generally called diplomatic usage. Its inhabitants call a spade a spade—indulging, indeed, in overstatement far more often than understatement. The psychologists have given their scientific support to Wordsworth's line that the child is father to the man, and we were therefore not surprised last week when Mayor LaGuardia said he would like to include the figure of "a brown-shirted fanatic" in a chamber of horrors at the New York World's Fair in 1939. It was not diplomatic usage, not by any means, and the position might be taken that it was not even polite; but it was an expression of honest and indignant opinion; an exercise of that freedom of speech which in this country, interestingly enough, is permitted even to the mayors of large cities. We understand why Secretary of State Hull had to send his apologies to the German government; and we do not agree with those romantics who think his doing so was disgraceful. It was just one of those motions, like the bow in a minuet, that have become traditional in the diplomatic charade.

We would like to see, however (although we know we won't), a bow from the other direction. The German government insisted that we apologize for what Mayor LaGuardia said about Hitler. Our Mr. Hull did so. Well, now we want the German government to apologize for what the German press said about Mayor LaGuardia. Diplomatic usage ought to work both ways—and if phrases like "New York's gangster-in-chief," "this Jewish ruffian," "thieves' lodging-house intellect," "dirty Talmud Jew," are part of diplomatic usage, we hereby tender our thanks and congratulations to Mayor LaGuardia for breaking with it. But this frenzy, of course, has nothing to do with diplomatic or any other usage. It is simply a reflection of the madness that has possessed the German people; and the high priest of that madness is the brown-shirted fanatic Mayor LaGuardia talked about. Hitler cannot be included in any chamber of horrors at the World's Fair: but he will be included in the chamber of horrors of the world's history—one of the chief exhibits in the Hall of Intolerance, Inhumanity and Hate.

The Future of the WPA

WHEN THE Governors of six states came smiling out of a White House conference on March 6 they made good news for the Americans who need it most. Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, as spokesman for the group, announced that the President had assured them of careful consideration for their requests that needy workers now on WPA be kept on the rolls unless they can be absorbed in private industry and that if removed, they then be replaced by the same number of others not yet on WPA—in short, that the President drop or greatly modify the announced plan to cut 600,000 from the WPA's rolls by June. Governor Elmer Benson of Minnesota said the President had promised that there would be no substantial reductions in the WPA this month.

The requests made of the President are reasonable enough. For although it is true that business has improved greatly, and is still improving, people who keep their eyes on production levels and stock prices are apt to miss other equally important facts. The average worker produced in 1935 ten percent more than in 1929, so that even 1929 production would not mean 1929 employment; about a half million more young people enter the employment market each year than the number of those who die or retire because of age. Most estimates indicate that there are even now 10,000,000 unemployed. The necessity for federal expenditures on a large scale to aid these unemployed is still with us, and will be for years to come. There are many weaknesses in the WPA program, but the program should be altered, not scrapped. It would be folly to permit the demand for governmental economy to turn vast numbers of our people back to the conditions in the Hoover administration, when nobody cared particularly how much suffering went on, if only it were done quietly, behind locked doors and drawn shades. We are glad that these Governors turned on the pressure in this matter. It is up to them, and to the rest of us, to see that it is kept on.

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Labor's Decisive Victory

DURING the fall of 1919, the gloom of Homestead, Braddock, Monessen and the other steel towns was deep. The big mills, of course were "down." But the gloom did not depend on their silence, the absence of smoke from them by day or of fire by night. There were few people in the streets, and those that one did meet hurried by. Mounted state troopers accounted for that—their habit was to ride over on the sidewalks and break up a "crowd"—that is, more than two or three together. Workers were suspicious of spies and would not talk, even in their houses, without double assurance of identity. Meetings were forbidden by county sheriffs, even in halls, and most halls could not be hired anyway. The newspapers carried little strike news, and almost none at all from the union side. The executives, led by Judge Gary, would not talk with the union leaders of course, and would scarcely discuss with anyone else such issues as the twelve-hour day, the seven-day week. Washington—where Wilson lay paralyzed—did not act, except to send a senatorial investigating committee. In gloom and silence the strike wore on and was defeated.

Against these memories, the headlines in the papers a few days ago spread like a shaft of sunlight over a bank of clouds. Carnegie-Illinois Steel —and that means U.S. Steel—was negotiating a contract with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. And the contract was signed, recognizing the union, granting a forty-hour week, increasing wages. All this happened without even a strike. Few more startling changes could come in this country, and few of more significance to American society. What brought it about? We had always said that steel must eventually reckon with the advance of the labor movement, and we had known that when that happened, the greatest single obstacle would be removed from the path of unions. But we had not known how and when it would occur, and we had not dared to hope that it would occur this time, at least without a great and costly struggle.

Thinking back over recent events, one can see that many preparatory changes have led to the dissolving of what one had been tempted to believe was the impregnable barrier of will on the part of an unteachable institution. The steel workers have wrested from their bosses political control of boroughs, counties, states. The Pennsylvania State Constabulary have been tamed in industrial disputes. Endless and unpleasant publicity has been given to labor detective agencies and under-cover men. There were of course the depression, the new ideas and laws to which it gave birth, the national election last fall. Finally, there arose what amounted to a renewed labor movement in the CIO, one free of A.F. of L. traditions and reputation, one that had courage, resolution to organize, a belief in the type of organization that could cope with the basic industries, an experienced and competent leadership, and adequate funds. It captured the employers' own unions and attracted steel workers to its ranks in ever increasing thousands. It came to this conflict with the high prestige of victory in the General Motors strike. The industry was booming; a long and bitterly contested struggle would have cost many millions. Finally, the steady flow of ideas has apparently made an impression on the minds of the younger generation that now controls steel. The slow accumulation of social forces almost without warning broke through the ancient inhibitions.

The CIO has definitely proved its mettle, and the prestige value of what has happened is incalculable. With union recognition on the part of General Motors and U.S. Steel, the movement is spreading like a prairie fire. Chrysler was quick to follow in automobiles; independent steel companies are almost certain to come tumbling after the largest aggregation in that industry. General Electric appears to be the next big corporation in line; its enlightened management made this victory less startling, but the unionization of workers in the electrical-equipment industry is no less important to the labor movement as a whole. Rubber and glass were already largely conquered. Coal of course is strongly union. Geographically too, the movement spreads. Detroit is rapidly becoming a union town. It has been easier to complete the organization of clothing workers everywhere since other industries have become better organized; the growth of vertical unions adds to horizontal strength.

Of course there is a tremendous job ahead. A great deal of mopping up remains to be done in the industries penetrated, and there are important industries still to tackle. The manufacture of textiles, for instance, accounts for more employees than any other manufacturing industry in the country. The United Textile Workers have a much stronger position there than the steel union had before the CIO went to work; but anything like complete organization of the industry is a long way off. There are no single corporations in textiles as formidable as U.S. Steel or General Motors, but there are many more to deal with, and they are more widely scattered. Many of them exist, too, in backward communities where labor has never yet succeeded in checking reactionary officials and police. Decisive victories have been won, but the war is not over.

The victory is also decisive in respect to the position of the CIO in the labor movement. The CIO announced as its original purpose the organization of the unorganized in basic industries, and especially in steel and motors. The unions composing it came

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together for this purpose, not only because they thought it absolutely essential for their own safety and that of the labor movement as a whole, but because they believed it was impossible of accomplishment under the old-line methods of the A.F. of L. When the A.F. of L. attacked them for doing so, and they stuck to their guns, the issue became a test of strength, dependent on success in action. If steel, motors and the rest were not organized, the conservative unions expected the dissenting ones to come back on their knees begging forgiveness. But organization has been accomplished, and in a surprisingly quick and dramatic way.

The imaginations of workers everywhere have been fired by the CIO, its chairman John L. Lewis and the other competent leaders. People will always follow active leaders rather than inactive ones—at least, so long as the active are successful. Certainly the unorganized will prefer the CIO to the A.F. of L. If affairs proceed as now seems likely, the membership of the unions affiliated with the CIO will soon exceed the membership of those still in good standing with the A.F. of L. The CIO can either stand alone or come back into the parent organization on its own terms. An active fight against it on the part of A.F. of L. officialdom—such as now seems to be foreshadowed by the orders to expel its delegates from central labor bodies in cities and states—will probably be ineffectual, even if generally carried out. In the end, the group that can organize the great masses of the workers will dominate the labor movement.

What will be the economic effects of this rapid spread of unionization? Business commentators, expecting great strikes this year, have warned against a danger of declines in production. Something of the sort appeared to result, locally at least, from the General Motors affair. But strikes are a normal accompaniment of revival in employment and increase in the cost of living, and their effect on the national output as a whole is usually much less than people think; certainly it is inconsiderable in comparison with the decline of production resulting even from a mild depression. The real danger at present is precisely the opposite. It is that recovery will be too rapidly accelerated and given an unwholesome direction.

The first act of U. S. Steel after granting concessions to the employees was to raise prices three to eight dollars a ton. It can do this, and get away with it temporarily, because of the pressing demand for steel. Buying is usually active on a rising market in a speculative attempt to lay in stocks before further price advances, if for no other reason. Increased prices of basic materials—and these have occurred not only in steel but all along the line—raise costs for fabricating industries. As long as demand is active, such price increases are likely to become pyramided on the way to the retail consumer. Once a tendency of this kind gets a good start, it is almost impossible to stop it before it skyrockets into the beautiful explosion of a boom.

Steel, in announcing the increases, assigned as one major reason the rise in labor costs. There is no doubt whatever that shorter hours accompanied by higher hourly pay do boost labor costs. The workers are glad enough to get the extra time and dollars, without thinking too much about what the delayed and roundabout increase in prices is going to do to the purchasing power of those dollars. Union leaders are satisfied to accept the firm establishment of their organizations without protesting against the price increases the employers subsequently enforce.

It is by no means certain that the price increases now going into effect would be necessitated by the concessions to labor, and it is likely that they would occur in any case, even if wages were not raised and hours were not shortened. As careful investigations by the Federal Trade Commission and others have proved, no information is available to the public about steel costs which warrants a conclusion concerning the justice of steel prices. It is quite possible that the industry in its present active state could absorb the higher labor costs without boosting its prices at all. The price increases in basic materials have not, in most instances, followed higher wages but have been due to shortage of supplies in relation to demand. The case seems to be, not that labor's gains are a direct cause of the price rise, but merely that labor is participating in it. This participation, however, provides an atmosphere of opinion and feeling that favors a continuation of the tendency, and certainly does nothing to stop it, though the tendency may be checked in certain quarters if the higher prices bring into production a larger capacity.

The broad truth is that labor in the end derives little benefit from organization to control wages unless prices can also be controlled in the interest of the masses of consumers. But the organization campaign of the CIO is relevant to this truth, and its ultimate importance is derived therefrom. When only a comparatively few groups of skilled workers are organized in scattered localities and industries, their natural tendency is to get what they can for themselves, even at the expense of workers in general. Consequently they pay little attention to the problem of prices, so long as they can boost their own incomes. But as organization of workers becomes widespread, and a genuine labor movement develops that is compelled to consider the interest of all, the emphasis tends to shift. A social force develops that has more incentive and more power to protect the worker not only as producer but also as consumer and as citizen. Such power can be exercised both politically, through governmental control over industry, and economically, through encouragement to consumers' movements. The trade union's real significance is not so much that it safeguards the immediate welfare of its own members—a highly necessary beginning—as that it supplies the nucleus for a real labor movement. And a labor movement is what the CIO is now by way of giving us.

GEORGE SOULE.

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Britain's Armed Neutrality

THE British people have accepted with stolid calm the government's decision to spend in the next five years over $7,500,000,000 on rearmament and the defense services. Under the calm, bewilderment alternates with alarm. The average citizen assents, for his government has kept the country out of war. He is not deeply impressed when the Opposition retorts that it has wrecked the League of Nations and sacrificed democracy in Spain. By its monotonous retreats before the audacious offensive of the fascist powers does it not tempt them to take ever increasing risks? Intoxicated by their long immunity from resistance, they will reel one day into the inevitable war.

An objective study of British policy would have to start by dismissing some of these criticisms as irrelevant. They glance off the imperial Leviathan's hide without leaving a dent. This cold-blooded mammal (the only specimen of his kind) is an end to himself. It is meaningless to complain that he has betrayed the League or sacrificed democracy. These are not causes to which he owes allegiance. The League is an expedient, good or bad, according as it serves the one sovereign end, the Empire's preservation. On the whole, after a period of trial, the accepted view is that it is neither good nor bad but merely negligible. One hesitates to scrap it, however, partly because many tender-minded electors are attached to it, and also because at some future turn of the European kaleidoscope one may discover a use for it.

Neither is democracy in any sense an absolute good, or a cause that Leviathan is bound to serve. One wishes to conserve it in the British Isles, together with the right to hunt foxes and the practice of burning coal in open grates, amid half-timbered Tudor houses, Norman arches and other anachronisms. It is part of the familiar landscape. A sagacious ruling class and a highly trained Civil Service have learned how to wield this technique of government with perfect tact. Could any dictator domesticate labor leaders, tame his press or depose his King with less noise or effort? One wishes, then, to preserve democracy in this island: one has no motive to discard it. But it is not an end in itself: still less is it an article of export. Each ruling class must work out the technique of self-preservation best adapted to its own talents and needs. Leviathan is the sole creature of his species: no ties of fraternity bind him to other democracies: he is not one of a herd. If others from time to time have sought to imitate his gait that is their affair. He wallows in his own waters, indifferent to passing fashions.

He will deal as his interests dictate with the other large mammals in his neighborhood, but in these dealings he will be guided solely by the realities of economics and defense. He may, after some years of hesitation and some efforts to discover a compromise, find himself eventually in a relation of decided antagonism to Germany. But if this should happen, it will not be because Hitler has crushed democracy at home and in Spain: it will be because his ambitions for expansion are thought to endanger the Empire. With Italy, though this power is no less antagonistic to democracy, an accommodation may be easily reached. With France Leviathan seeks a mutually helpful relationship as nearly permanent as such things can be. This is not because she is a republic and still less because she is at the moment under a People's Front ministry, for of such innovations Leviathan is, at best, merely tolerant. The reason is that he prefers that the further shores of his Channel should remain in the secure possession of a sated and home-loving animal. It will be seen, then, that Leviathan has no liking for what are called "ideological groupings." He is not a gregarious beast, and he fears ideas. That is what he means when he says that he dislikes extremes. He might again group himself with Italy on the right, but hardly under any circumstances with Russia on the left. His dread of communism will not carry him into a doctrinaire war against that power, but it might induce him to observe an armed neutrality if that operation were attempted by others. But this sagacious beast will do nothing to hasten this catastrophe. For Leviathan dreads war with complete sincerity. That is why he arms.

This is, in general terms, as close a definition of British policy as your correspondent can reach. It reflects, albeit with a candor unsuited to parliamentary debates, the central, traditional view of the ruling class. Let us test it by recent events. The attitude of this class in the Spanish civil war was at first one of indifference. It felt no solidarity whatever with Spanish democracy, but on the other hand it felt little positive sympathy with General Franco. As time went on, its coolness toward the republic approached aversion. It was deafened by a one-sided torrent of atrocity tales: it really believed that the republic is "communist": finally its early defeat looked likely. British neutrality became in consequence decidedly partisan. The Foreign Office used its influence with the French government to deter it from rendering any friendly services to the Spanish republic. The method was simple, and might be readily repeated in other circumstances. The French met an emphatic negative when they asked in Downing Street whether they might count on British support, should they suffer an aggression from the fascist powers in retaliation for such normal friendly services. This was the key event of last summer.

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Thereupon France must needs join Tory England in sweeping away the customary right of the Madrid government under international law to buy arms abroad for the maintenance of internal order. The British government maintained and stiffened its embargo on arms, knowing well that both Hitler and Mussolini broke it daily. It imposed a ban on British volunteers for the republic six weeks before the dictators even pretended to take any corresponding action.

All this may be interpreted as neutrality with a bias intelligible enough in the circumstances. The main concern of the British government was to "localize" this civil war. So much it attained. There was, and there will be, no international war as a by-product of the Spanish tragedy. If in fact the fascist powers helped their side with all the resources of totalitarian governments far more openly and effectively than the unofficial Left (chiefly workers) could help the republic, that was not itself a result displeasing to the Tory mind. To any reproaches on this score, it commonly made two answers: (1) that Franco must win anyhow; better, therefore, that he should win quickly, and (2) that this republic is not a democracy, but is heading towards communist dictatorship. On the facts this Tory view was grossly mistaken, but it was generally held. Few Englishmen realize that the Communists are only a small minority among the republic's supporters, or that their policy is one of calculated, democratic moderation. Nothing has been done, or even proposed, by way of establishing communism, save that the trolley cars of Barcelona have been socialized, like those of London and Glasgow. If the republic can defeat Franco, it will remain a democracy, which will indulge cautiously in some socialistic and coöperative experiments.

The real significance of British policy may lie in its obscure dealings with Italy over Spain. The puzzle about Tory policy was never that it preferred a defeat for democracy to any risk of international war. That was normal. The puzzle lay in its apparent indifference to German and Italian strategical designs. Established in Mallorca, Italy might dominate the Western Mediterranean. If Germans controlled the Canaries and Ceuta, they would threaten both the British roads to the East. Again, if Franco became the dependent ally of the fascist powers, would they not have France at their mercy, for they would threaten both her southern frontiers and her communications with Africa? It is true that both powers gave assurances that they had no territorial designs. But was anyone so naïve as to suppose that they would actually annex the islands or Ceuta or Malaga? It is enough that they occupy these places, or even that without occupation they lease airports. If a fascist Spain relies on Berlin and Rome for arms and technical aid, it must serve the strategical purposes of these powers. Its minerals (manganese, copper, zinc and iron) are, moreover, an immense military asset.

Faced with this unpleasant prospect, the advisers of Leviathan whispered certain consolations in his ear. "The Spaniards," they said, "are a proud people, who will never brook a foreign yoke. Moreover, Franco after his ruinous victory will be in dire need of money. Where can he borrow it? Not in Berlin or Rome; only in the City of London." "So, after all," Leviathan reflected, "the proud Spaniards will bend to a foreign yoke." This reticent but sagacious animal said little, but he suspected that these are the consolations of weak men. Would the fascist armies quit Spain without a *quid pro quo?* This he felt no inclination to pay.

Up to the end of 1936 it was German influence that predominated on Franco's side. Then two things happened. The first of them was the conclusion of the "gentlemen's agreement" between London and Rome. It included some discussion of the Spanish question, for it contained vague assurances about the Balearic Islands. The second thing that happened was that Italy replaced Germany as Franco's chief backer. During the two months that have elapsed since this agreement was concluded, a further 40,000 Italian troops were landed in Cadiz, and observers on the spot warn us that many more will arrive before control is set up. Thanks to these recent Italian reinforcements, there is now a great superiority of foreign forces on the fascist side. Conservative reckonings give 10,000 German troops and 50,000 Italians against 15,000 volunteers of all nations in the International Column and about 700 Russian technical troops.

It is difficult to separate these two events—the Anglo-Italian reconciliation and the preparations for an Italian conquest of Spain. Mussolini wished to end the tiff with England. He has a brilliant ambassador in London, who knows the mind of the Cabinet and the ruling class. If Signor Grandi had reported that an immense reinforcement of the Italian army in Spain would be viewed in Downing Street with sharp anger, would it have happened at this precise moment? One need not suppose that any explicit exchange of views took place. The Fascist International sensed that Tory England would acquiesce much more readily in an Italian than in a German conquest of Spain. Germany is, after all, the enemy, as Italy was the ally, of yesterday; and Leviathan thinks traditionally. Germany would be in the Mediterranean an unwelcome interloper, but these are home waters for Italy. So Germany (without renouncing her lien on the minerals of Spain) resigned in Italy's favor the chief part in the good work of destroying "communism" in Spain. But modesty is rarely its own reward. The compensation in this case may be the silent or even the open consent of Mussolini to some future action by Germany against Czechoslovakia. This threatened democracy is even farther from "communism" than is Spain, but like Spain it owes some debt of gratitude for neighborly protection to Moscow. Through it, above all, lies one of two possible roads to the Ukraine.

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If any bargain of this kind has been struck between Hitler and Mussolini, it would be absurd to suggest that Leviathan was a party to it. On the contrary, by winking at an Italian conquest of Spain, Downing Street may count on the growth of jealousies that will eventually alienate the two fascist powers in Spain and break up their ideological group. It may hope to restore the Stresa Front, to detach Italy from Germany and to bring her once more within the Western Group. With Ethiopia as her province and Spain with Austria as her feudatories and spheres of influence, she would be at length a gorged power beside whom Leviathan could bask at his ease.

The reckoning is plausible, but not the less hazardous. Italian policy is a model of opportunism. But is it so traditional that one may reckon certainly that it will always betray its allies? If Hitler, under pressure from his own Reichswehr, has voluntarily withdrawn from the first place in Spain, and if Göring (as is probable) made this arrangement with Count Ciano in Rome when the Anglo-Italian agreement was signed, it is gratuitous to assume that the two conquerors will quarrel over Spain. If, on the contrary, they can for a short time hold Spain without discord under their dual yoke, any contemplated operation against the Czechs would start in the most favorable conditions. The risk that Hitler faces there is that the French will treat any threat to Czech territory as a *casus belli,* and if they march, Poland may march with them, and Russia also. But if the fascist international group held firm, the French would have to reckon on an aerial threat from the South. If once again they asked Downing Street for support, would it be granted over a Central European issue? That is questionable, for Leviathan has never liked the Franco-Soviet pact. But if France were immobilized into neutrality, Poland would also remain neutral, and Moscow could help Prague only by air. These, one may concede, are fantastic speculations, but they are no more improbable than the violations of honor and law that we have witnessed in Spain.

The ways of Leviathan remain then, an enigma. Assuredly he dreads war and arms to stave it off. But it is questionable whether his chosen policy of armed neutrality can in the circumstances further peace. For toward anything that looks red in a dim light he is neutral with a somewhat hostile bias. It is true that his heart is hardening toward Germany, but it does not warm toward Russia, and it is the misfortune of the Czechs that they rank like the Spaniards among the clients of Moscow. When Leviathan reports that he dislikes "ideological groupings" it is well that one should grasp his meaning. This cold-blooded mammal thereby warns democracies that they must not reckon on his sympathy, nor need fascism fear that it will find him in its path. This animal goes his own way for his own ends.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

I Have a Thing to Tell You: II

(Nun Will Ich Ihnen 'Was Sagen)

THE HOUR had come: along the station platform there was a flurry of excitement in the crowd, a light flashed, the porters moved along the quay. I turned and looked up the tracks. The train was sweeping down on us. It bore down swiftly, sweeping in around the edges of the Zoölogic Gardens, the huge snout of the locomotive looming bluntly, the fenders touched with trimmings of bright green. The great machine steamed hotly past and halted. The dull line of the coaches was broken vividly in the middle with the glittering red of the Mitropa dining car.

We swung to action. My porter, heaving up my heavy leather case, clambered quickly up the steps and found a seat for me. There was a blur of voices all around, an excited tumult of farewell. Hartmann shook hands hard and fast, his small and bitter face was contorted as if he were weeping, as indeed he was. With a sudden shock of recognition I saw how close together were his laughter and his grief. I heard his curiously vibrant, deep and tragic voice saying, "Good-bye, good-bye, dear Paul, *auf wiedersehen.*"

Then I climbed up into the train. The guard slammed the door. Even as I made my way down the narrow corridor toward my compartment the train started, was in motion. These forms, these faces and these lives all slid away.

Hartmann kept walking forward, waving his hat, his face still contorted with that strange grimace that was half bitter mirth, half sorrow. Then the train swept out around the curve. And he was lost.

We gathered speed. The streets and buildings of the West slipped past me—those solid ugly streets, those great solid ugly buildings of Victorian German style, that yet, with all the pleasant green of trees, the window-boxes bright with red geraniums, the air of order, substance and comfort, had always been as familiar and as pleasant to me as the quiet streets and houses of a little town. Already we were sweeping through Charlottenburg. We passed the station without halting and on the platforms, with the old and poignant feeling of loss and of regret, I saw the people waiting for the Stadtbahn trains. Upon its elevated track the great train swept on smoothly toward the West, gathering in

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momentum slowly. We passed the Funkturm. Almost before I knew it we were running through the western outskirts of the city, toward the open country. We passed an aviation field. I saw the hangars and a flock of shining planes. Even as I looked a great silver-bodied plane moved out, taxied along and gathered speed, lifted its tail and, as we vanished, broke slowly from the earth.

And now the city was behind us. Those familiar faces, forms and voices of just six minutes past were now remote from me as dreams, imprisoned there as in another world, a world hived of four million lives, of hope and fear and hatred, anguish and despair, of love, of cruelty and devotion, that was called Berlin.

And now the land was stroking past, the level land of Brandenburg, the lonely flatland of the north that I had always heard to be so ugly and that I had found so strange, so haunting and so beautiful. The dark solitude of the forest was around us now, the loneliness of the *kiefern* trees, tall, slender, towering and straight as sailing masts, bearing upon their tops the burden of their needled and eternal green. Their naked poles shone with that lovely gold-bronze color that is itself like the material distillation of a magic light. And all between was magic too. The forest dusk was gold-brown, also, with this magic light, the earth gold-brown and barren, the trees themselves alone and separate, a pole-like forest filled with haunting light.

And then, the light would open and the wood be gone. And we were sweeping through the level cultivated earth, tilled thriftily to the very edges of the track. And I could see the clusters of farm buildings, the red-tiled roofs, the cross-quarterings of barns and houses. Then we would find the magic of the woods again.

I opened the door of my compartment and went in and took a seat beside the door. On the other side, in a corner by the window, a young man sat and read a book. He was an elegant young man dressed most fashionably. There was a kind of foppish elegance about his costume that one felt somehow was Continental, even though one did not know from what place upon the Continent he came.

What struck me therefore with a sense of shock was the American book he was reading. Even as I pondered on this puzzling combination the door was opened and a woman and a man came in.

They were Germans. The woman was no longer young, but plump, warm, seductive-looking, with hair so blonde it was the color of bleached straw, and eyes as blue as sapphires. She spoke rapidly to the man who accompanied her, then turned to me and asked me if the other places were unoccupied. I replied that I thought so, and looked inquiringly at the young man in the corner. And he too replied, in somewhat broken German, that he believed so. The woman nodded her head in satisfaction, spoke with quick authority to her companion and he went out and presently returned with their baggage—two valises, which he arranged upon the baggage rack above their heads.

He was a tall, blond, fresh-complexioned German, who conveyed indefinably an impression of bewildered innocence. The woman, although most attractive, was obviously much the older of the two. One knew for a certainty she was in her thirties, and she might even already have attained her fortieth year. There were traces of fine wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, a kind of physical maturity and warmth which had in it the wisdom of experience, but from which some of the freshness of youth had gone.

The young fellow obviously was in his early twenties. One felt instantly, without knowing why, that there was no family relation between these two: it was completely evident that the young man could not have been a brother, but it was also evident that they were not man and wife. Again, the woman, with the seductive warmth of her appeal, had an almost shameless physical attraction, a kind of naked allure such as one often sees in people of the theatre —in a chorus girl or in the strip woman of a burlesque show. Beside her assurance, her air of practice and authority, her sharply vivid stamp, the young man was almost countrified. And he certainly did look nervous and uneasy in the art of travel: I noticed that he kept his head down most of the time, and did not speak unless she spoke to him. And when she did, he would flush crimson with embarrassment, two wedge-shaped flags of color deepening in his fresh pink face to beetlike red.

It was hard not to fall back upon an ancient parable—to assume that the boy was the village hayseed in the toils of the city siren, that she had duped him into taking her to Paris, that the fool and his money would soon be parted. And yet, there was certainly nothing repulsive about the blonde-haired woman. She was decidedly a most attractive and engaging creature. She even seemed to be completely unaware of that astonishing quality of sexual magnetism which she undoubtedly did possess, and to express herself sensually and naturally with the innocent warmth of a child.

While I was busy with these speculations the door of the compartment opened again and a stuffy-looking little man with a long nose looked in, peered about truculently and rather suspiciously, and then demanded to know if the remaining seats in the compartment were free. We all told him that we thought so. Upon receiving this information, he too, without another word, disappeared down the corridor, to reappear again with a large valise. I helped him stow it away upon the rack above his head; although I do not think he could have done it for himself, he accepted my service without a word of thanks, hung up his overcoat, fidgeted and worried about, took a newspaper from his pocket, sat down and opened it, banged the compartment door rather viciously, and, after peering around sourly and mistrustfully at the rest of us, rattled his paper and began to read.

While he read his paper I had a chance to observe

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this sour-looking customer from time to time. In a well known phrase of modern parlance, he was "nothing to write home about." Not that there was anything sinister-looking about the man—decidedly there was not. It was just that he was a drab, stuffy, irascible-looking little fellow of the type that one is always afraid one is going to encounter on a trip but that one hopes fervently he won't meet. He looked like the kind of fellow who would always be banging down the window of the compartment without asking anyone else about it, always fidgeting and fuming about—always, in short, trying by every cranky, crusty and ill tempered means to make his traveling companions as uncomfortable as possible.

Yes, he was certainly a well known type, but aside from these unpleasant aspects he was wholly unremarkable. It was only when he had intruded himself into the intimacy of a long journey and began immediately to buzz and worry around like a troublesome hornet that he became memorable. At this moment, in fact, the elegant young gentleman in the corner by the window almost ran afoul of him. The young fellow took out an expensive-looking cigarette case, and, smiling amiably, asked the lady if she objected to his smoking. She immediately answered, with great friendliness, that she minded not at all. I myself received this welcome information with considerable relief, took a package of cigarettes from my pocket and was on the point of joining my unknown young companion in the luxury of smoke when old Fuss-And-Fidget opposite me rattled his paper viciously, glared sourly at us and then, pointing at a sign upon the wall of the compartment, croaked dismally, *"Nicht Raucher."*

Well, all of us had known that at the beginning, but we had not known that Fuss-And-Fidget was going to make an issue of it. The young fellow and I glanced at each other with a slightly startled look, grinned a little, caught the lady's eye, which was also twinkling with the comedy of the occasion, and were obediently about to put our cigarettes away unsmoked when Fuss-And-Fidget looked sourly around at us a second time and then said bleakly that as far as he was concerned it was all right. He'd just wanted to point out to us that we were in a non-smoking compartment. The implication plainly was that from this time on the crime was on our heads, that he had done what he could as a good citizen to warn us, but that if we proceeded with our guilty plot against the laws of the land it was no further concern of his. Being thus reassured, we produced our cigarettes again and lighted up.

Time passed in silence now, and presently I fell into a dozing sleep, from which I would start up from time to time to look about me, then to doze again. Again and again I started up to find old Fuss-And-Fidget's eyes fixed on me in a look of such suspicion and ill tempered sourness that the expression barely escaped malevolence. Moreover, he was so fidgety and nervous that it was almost impossible to sleep longer than for a few minutes at a time. He was always crossing and uncrossing his legs, always rattling his newspaper, always fooling with the handle of the door, half opening the door and banging it to again, as if he were afraid it was not securely closed. He was always jumping up and going out into the corridor, where he would pace up and down, look out the windows at the speeding landscape, and fidget up and down the corridor again, holding his hands behind him, twiddling his fingers nervously as he walked.

Meanwhile, the train was advancing across the country at terrific speed. Forest and land, village and farm, tilled land and pasture rushed past us with the deliberate but devouring movement of the high velocity. We slackened a moment as we crossed the Elbe but there was no halt. Two hours after our departure from Berlin we were sweeping in beneath the arched, enormous roof of the Hannover station. There was a halt of ten or fifteen minutes here. I had fallen into a doze but as the train slackened and began to come into the outskirts of the old city I awoke. But fatigue still held me. I did not get up.

The others in the compartment—everyone except myself and the elegant young gentleman in the corner—got up and went out upon the platform to get as much fresh air and exercise as our short stay allowed. Meanwhile, my companion in the corner had put down his book and, after peering out the window for a moment, turned to me and said in English, marked by a slight accent, "Where are we now?"

I told him we were at Hannover.

He sighed a little and said, "I am tired of traveling. I shall be glad when I get home."

"And where is home for you?"

"New York," he said, and seeing a look of surprise upon my face he added quickly: "Of course I am not American by birth, as you can see. But I am a naturalized American and my home is in New York."

I told him that I lived there too, and he asked me if I had been long in Germany.

"No, not recently. I came over about two months ago."

"At first, when you came in this morning, I thought you were German. But then I saw you could not be German from your accent. When I saw you reading The Paris Herald I decided that you were English or American."

"I am American, of course."

"Yes, I can see that now. I," he said, "am Polish by birth. I went to America fifteen years ago to live, but my family still live in Poland."

"And you have been to see them, naturally?"

"Yes. I have two brothers living in the country. I am coming from there now," he said. He was silent for a moment and then added with some emphasis, "But not again. Not for a long time will I visit them. I am sick of Europe," he went on. "I am tired of all this foolish business, these politics, this hate, these armies and this talk of war—the whole damn stuffy atmosphere—here"—he cried indignantly and, thrusting his hand into his breast

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pocket, he pulled out a paper, "Will you look at this?"

"What is it?"

"A paper—a permit—which allows me to take twenty-three marks out of Germany. Twenty-three marks!" he repeated scornfully, "—as if I want their God-damn money."

"I know. You've got to get a paper every time you turn around. Look here!" I cried, and reaching in my own breast pocket I pulled out a mass of papers big enough to choke a horse. "I got all of these in two months' time."

The ice was broken now. Upon a mutual grievance we began to warm up to each other. It quickly became evident that my new acquaintance, with the patriotic fervor of his race, was almost passionately American.

"Oh," he said, "it will be good after all this to be back there where all is Peace—where all is Friendship—where all is Love."

I had myself some reservations on this score, but I did not utter them. His fervor was so genuine and warm that it would have been unkind to try to qualify it. And besides, I too was homesick now and his words, generous and wholehearted as they were, warmed me with their pleasant glow.

For I, as he, was weary and oppressed, exhausted with these pressures, worn out with these tensions of the nerves and spirit, sickened by the cancer of these cureless hates which had not only poisoned the life of nations but had eaten in one way or another into the lives of all my friends, of almost everyone that I had known here. And so, like my new-found fellow countryman, I too felt, beneath the extravagance and intemperance of his language, a certain justice in comparison. And I felt further that it would be very good to be back home again, out of the poisonous constrictions of this atmosphere, where, whatever we might lack, we still had air to breathe in, winds to clear that air.

My new friend now told me that he was a member of a brokerage concern in Wall Street. This seemed to call for some similar identification on my part and I gave him the most truthful answer I could make, which was that I worked for a publishing house. He remarked then that he knew the family of a New York publisher. And when I asked him who these people were he answered, "The Edwards family."

I said: "I know the Edwardses. They are friends of mine and Mr. Edwards is my publisher. And you," I said, "your name is Johnnie, isn't it? I have forgotten your last name, but I have heard it—"

He nodded quickly, smiling. "Yes, Johnnie Stefanowski," he said. "And you?—what is your name?"

I told him.

He said, "Of course. I know of you."

And instantly we were shaking hands, with that kind of stunned but exuberant surprise which reduces people to the banal conclusion that "it's a small world after all."

And now indeed we had established contact at a thousand points and found we knew in common scores of people. We discussed them enthusiastically, almost joyfully. By the time the other people returned to the compartment and the train began to move again we were engaged in rapid conversation.

Our three companions looked somewhat startled to hear this rapid-fire of conversation, this evidence of acquaintanceship between two people who had apparently been strangers just ten minutes since. Our little blonde lady smiled at us and took her seat; the young man also. Old Fuss-And-Fidget, all ears now, glancing quickly, sharply, from one to the other of us, listened attentively to all we said.

The cross-fire of our talk went back and forth, from my corner of the compartment to my friend's. I felt myself a sense of embarrassment at the sudden intrusion of this intimacy in a foreign language among fellow travelers, with whom we had heretofore maintained a restrained formality. But Johnnie Stefanowski evidently was troubled not at all and smiled in a friendly fashion at our companions as if they too were parties to our conversation and could understand every word we said.

Under this engaging influence, everyone began to thaw out visibly. The little blonde lady now began to talk in an animated way to her young companion. In a few moments Fuss-And-Fidget chimed in too. In a very short time the whole compartment was humming with this rapid interplay of English and of German.

Johnnie Stefanowski now proposed that we seek out the *Speisewagen* and procure refreshment. "I am not hungry," he said indifferently. "In Poland I have had to eat too much. I am sick of food—but would you like some Polish fruits?" he said, indicating a large paper-covered package at his side. "I believe they have prepared some things for me—some fruits from my brother's estate, some chickens and some partridges. I have no appetite myself, but wouldn't you take something?"

I told him that I was not hungry yet.

He suggested thereupon that we get a drink. "I still have these marks," he said, "seventeen or eighteen of them. I no longer have any need of them. But now that I have met you I think it would be nice if we could spend them. Shall we go and see what we can find?"

To this I agreed. We arose, excused ourselves to our companions and as Stefanowski left his seat, old Fuss-And-Fidget asked him if he was willing to change seats. Indifferently the young man answered, "Yes, take my seat, of course. It does not matter to me where I sit."

We went out into the narrow corridor and, moving forward through several coaches of the hurtling train, we finally reached the *Speisewagen*, skirted the hot breath of the kitchens and seated ourselves at one of the tables in one of the beautiful, bright clean coaches of the Mitropa service. Stefanowski seemed to have a Polish gentleman's liberal capacity for drink. He tossed his brandy off at a single gulp,

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remarking rather plaintively: "It is very small. But it is good and does no harm. We shall have more."

Pleasantly warmed by brandy, and talking together with the ease of people who had known each other for many years, we now began to discuss our companions in our own compartment.

"The little woman—she is rather nice," said Stefanowski—"I think she is not very young, and yet, she is quite charming, isn't she? A personality."

"And the young man with her?" I inquired. "You do not think he is her husband?"

"No, of course not," replied my companion instantly. "It is most curious," he went on in a puzzled tone, "he is much younger, obviously, and not the same—he is much simpler than the lady."

"Yes. It's almost as if he were some young fellow from the country, and she—"

"Is like someone in the theatre," Stefanowski nodded. "An actress. Or perhaps some music-hall performer."

"And the other man?" I said. "The little one? The fidgety little fellow who keeps staring at us. Who is he?"

"Oh, that one," said my friend impatiently. "I do not know. I do not care. He is some stuffy little man—you always meet them on a trip—it does not matter. But shall we go back now?" he said, "and talk to them? We shall never see them after this: and it would be interesting to find out who they are."

I agreed. Accordingly, my Polish friend now called the waiter, got our bill and paid it—and still had ten or twelve marks left from what remained of the waning twenty-three. Then we got up and went back through the speeding train to our compartment.

The lady smiled at us as we came in. And our three fellow passengers all regarded us with a kind of sharpened curiosity. It was evident that during our absence we had been the subject of their speculation. Stefanowski smiled and spoke to them at once. His German was somewhat broken but coherent, and he was a man of such natural warmth and social assurance that his deficiencies did not bother him at all. Our companions responded quickly, even eagerly, to our greeting, and immediately gave free expression to their curiosity, to the speculations which our meeting, our apparent recognition of each other, had aroused.

The lady asked Stefanowski where he came from —*"Was sind sie für ein Landsmann?"* And he replied that he was an American.

"Ach so?"—for a moment she looked surprised, then added quickly, "but not by birth?"

"No," said Stefanowski, "I am Polish by birth. But I live in New York now. And my friend here" —he indicated me, and they all turned to stare curiously at me—"is an American by birth."

They nodded in satisfaction and, smiling with eager curiosity, the lady said—"And your friend here—he is an artist, isn't he?"

Stefanowski said I was.

"A painter?"—the lady almost gleefully pursued the confirmation of her own predictions.

"He is not a painter. He is a writer." My young Polish friend said *"Dichter,"* which means poet, which I amended quickly to *"ein schriftsteller."*

All three of them thereupon looked at one another with nods of satisfaction, saying ah, they thought so, it was evident, etc. Old Fuss-And-Fidget even now chimed in with a sage observation that it was apparent "from the head." The others nodded in agreement, and the lady, now turning again to Stefanowski, said, "But you—you are not an artist, are you? You do something else?"

He replied that he was a business man—a *"Geschäftsmann"*—that his business was in Wall Street, a name which apparently had imposing connotations for them, for they all nodded in an impressed manner and said "ah" again.

We went on then and told them how we had never seen each other before that morning, but how each of us had known of the other through many mutual friends whom we had known for years. This news delighted everyone. Our little blonde lady nodded triumphantly, burst out in excited conversation with her companion and with Fuss-And-Fidget, the effect of which was, "What did I tell you? I said the same thing, didn't I? It's a small world after all, isn't it?" etc.

Now we were all really wonderfully at ease with one another, all talking eagerly and naturally, as if we had known one another for years. The little lady began to tell us all about herself. She and her husband were, she said, proprietors of a business near the Alexanderplatz. No—smiling—the young man was not her husband. He was a young artist and employed by her. In what sort of business? She laughed—one would never guess. She and her husband manufactured mannikins for window-shop display. Their business, I inferred, was quite a large one. She told us that they employed over fifty workers, and occasionally they had had almost a hundred. For this reason, she had to go to Paris once or twice a year. For, she explained, Paris set the fashion in these figures as it did in clothes.

Of course, they did not buy the Paris models. *Mein Gott!* that was impossible with the present money situation as it was. Nevertheless, hard as it was, she had to get to Paris somehow once or twice a year, just in order to keep up with "what was going on." She took this young man with her on these trips. He made designs, drew models of the late show-window modes in Paris, and duplicated them for her when he returned.

Stefanowski now remarked that he did not see how it was even possible, under present circumstances, for a German citizen to travel anywhere. It had become difficult enough for a foreigner now to travel in and out of Germany. The money complications were so confusing and so wearisome. I added to this an account of my own experiences of the summer in my brief travels—the difficulties that had attended even a short journey to the Austrian

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Tirol. Ruefully I displayed the pocket full of papers, permits, visas and official stamps I had accumulated in two months. Upon this common ground we all again were vociferously agreed. The lady affirmed that it was stupid, exhausting and, for a German with business out of his own country, almost impossible. She added quickly, loyally, that of course it was also necessary, but then began to give an account of her own difficulties, which went swiftly into a bewildering maze of checks and balances, and which finally ended by her waving her hand charmingly, saying, *"Ach Gott!* it is all too complicated, too confusing, to explain."

Old Fuss-And-Fidget put in here, with confirmations of his own. He was, he said, an attorney in Berlin—a *"Rechtsanwalt"*—who had formerly had extensive professional connections in France and in other portions of the Continent. He had visited America as well, he added. He had been there, in fact, as recently as 1930, when he had attended an international congress of lawyers in New York. He even spoke a little English, which he now unveiled for us, and he was going now, he told us, to another international congress of lawyers which was to open in Paris within the next day or so and which would last a week. But it was hard for a German to make a trip even of this short duration. And as for his former professional activities in other countries, they were now, alas, impossible.

He asked me if any of my books had been translated and published in Germany and I told him they had. They were all warmly curious, wanted to know the title and my name. Accordingly, I wrote out for them the German titles of the books, the name of the German publisher, my own name. The little lady put the paper away in her pocketbook and announced enthusiastically that she would buy the books on her return to Germany. And Fuss-And-Fidget, after carefully reading the paper, folded it and put it away in his wallet, remarking that he too would buy the books when he returned.

Stefanowski now picked up his bulky paper package, opened it and demanded that everyone partake. There were some splendid pears and peaches, a plump broiled chicken, some fat squabs and various other delicacies. Our companions protested that they could not deprive him of his lunch, but the young man insisted with a vigorous warmth that was obviously a characteristic of his good-hearted nature that he and I were going to the dining car for luncheon anyway, and that if they did not eat the contents of the package it would go to waste. Whereupon, they all helped themselves to fruit, which they pronounced delicious, and the lady promised she would later on investigate the chicken. Upon these assurances, with friendly greetings all around, my Polish friend and I departed for a second time.

THOMAS WOLFE.

This is the second instalment of a short novel by Thomas Wolfe. The third section will be published in our next issue.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

Programs Bloom in Washington—The New Relief Proposal—Public Works Without a Means Test

MAINLY as a result of Mr. John L. Lewis' victory in steel, the atmosphere in Washington now is much as it was in the hundred days that began in March, 1933, during which the New Deal was born. All Mr. Roosevelt's children are going to ride horses and wear golden crowns. Plans and programs are beginning to peep up everywhere, like the crocuses on the White House lawn.

Many of these plans and programs are just bright-colored flowers. But there are a few that may conceivably change the face of the country. One such plan has to do with the future of the WPA. It is being put forward by a group of economic advisers to the administration, and has two main provisions. The first calls for the abandonment of the present WPA work program, and for the adoption, instead, of a straight public-works plan. Tentatively, this public-works plan will follow the recent report of the National Resources Committee, in which are listed various jobs of national housekeeping—flood control, soil conservation, reforestation and road building—that sooner or later must be done. Public works of this character, chosen solely because of their value to the nation, are to be begun forthwith. Second, it is proposed that the existing WPA means test be done away with. Workers are to be chosen according to their skill, not according to their need.

Readers will recognize that this is approximately the same program that The New Republic has urged editorially ever since Mr. Roosevelt took office. Its present advocates in the administration, however, feel that there is now a special reason why it should be embarked upon. At the present time, they say, it can be used within limits as a regulator of the nation's total labor supply. Two or three years ago, when we had upwards of twelve million unemployed, this would have been impossible. Today it can be done.

Mr. Roosevelt has several times intimated that $1,250,000,000 would be the top limit for relief expenditures in 1938. Economic experts in the administration, however, count on taking at least two billions for relief, and are confident that the government can find this sum without further public borrowing. Two billions spent on public works of the kind envisaged by the National Resources Committee, they estimate, would give direct employment to 1,500,000 workers. It would also give indirect employment to another 1,500,000 fabricating materials. This would mean a total employment of 3,000,000 workers, in contrast to the 2,250,000 now being cared for by the WPA.

Moreover, because the means test would have been abolished, the government would tend to get only the best, most skillful workers. Such a generous skimming off of the top of the existing labor reserve, experts believe, would create not a labor shortage, but a situation under which workers would begin to have real bargaining power.

The plan has two conspicuous merits. It would be extremely flexible. If the present period of rising prices leads to a genuine expansion of production, accompanied by the creation of new jobs at decent wages, the public-works pro-

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gram could be easily and rapidly tapered off. On the other hand, should industry's demand for workers decrease, the program can be just as rapidly intensified. It is also a form of economic control that is completely democratic. It involves no regimentation, no coercion, no police measures.

As these Notes are written, this proposed public-works program is known to have the support of important sections of the administration, but it has not yet been approved by Mr. Harry Hopkins, or sold to Mr. Roosevelt. As far as Mr. Hopkins is concerned, he is to some degree snagged by his own recent past. From the start of the WPA, it has been his vainglorious boast that he has paid the prevailing rate of wages. In point of fact he has never done so, and he has been specifically forbidden to do so by Mr. Roosevelt. What he has actually done has been to pay the prevailing hourly rate of wages, and give his workers about ten days' work a month. In consequence, there has been a steady tendency among WPA workers to eke out their pay by taking jobs in industry, at whatever wages they could get during their long idle periods. Mr. Hopkins has made great efforts to stop this, and his chief weapon has been the means test, according to which any worker with undisclosed sources of income can be promptly and dishonorably fired. The advocates of a public-works program are asking Mr. Hopkins to give up his prevailing hourly rate of wages, his system of part-time work and his means test. All three together form a mental hazard over which, according to report, he finds it extremely difficult to jump.

The public-works program also makes no provision for the deserving but bumble-fingered worker. Under it, workers are to be chosen for their skill on exactly the same basis that a soulless private employer would employ them. The least efficient workers are to be thrown on local home relief. In theory, the existing WPA work program also picks the most efficient workers. Practically, however, there are many exceptions, as in the case of workers more than forty-five years old, or workers with large families of young children. Mr. Hopkins now has unlimited powers to vary his program to fit the needs of the unemployed in particular localities. With a rigid public-works program, in which productive efficiency would be the only rule, he fears that great hardships might occur, and his fear is probably justified.

Among other high WPA officials, there is a general disposition to favor the new plan. Two years ago, at the time of the historic row between Mr. Hopkins and Secretary Ickes, these same officials opposed a public-works program. Now they have changed. Most of them think that the WPA work projects are less good than they ought to be. Most of them think that standards of efficiency are too low.

The final decision rests with Mr. Roosevelt. Probably the likeliest outcome is a compromise by which the WPA will be authorized to adopt a permanent program of public works, but at the same time will be permitted to employ workers partly on a basis of need, partly on efficiency. Nevertheless, even a compromise ought not be despised. The use of a public-works program as a partial control of the nation's labor supply has up to now been the dream of a few economists. If the administration now takes the first tentative steps toward turning this dream into reality, it will be something to cheer about.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Art of Making Wealthy Friends—A Yale Professor and the House of Morgan Solve a Problem in Ethics

THE WAYS of our providential rulers are indeed fascinating, but not inscrutable. And they are worth observing, particularly for the young man trying to get along in a rather difficult world. This job of getting along is not mysterious to the man who possesses the divine gift of making money. To the talented acquisitive man the road to success is as open as the broad highway into town. But, alas, there is a type of man who is superior to the sordid processes of making money. He loves the role of thinker and recorder and prophet. And if this is all he loves he is fortunate indeed. But if his tastes and appetites are complicated by the hankering for the abundant life, if he likes to sink into his meditations amid luxurious surroundings; if he loves to browse among his books in a properly paneled period library, then his case is difficult. Scorning money as he does it inevitably follows that he has not the talent for making it. Yet his delicate tastes clamor for attention and he is faced with the grim necessity of getting along in the world without having the qualities indispensable to that end. In such a plight there is but one course open to him and that is to fasten himself upon the rich Maecenas who doesn't mind chasing the shoddy dollar; of rendering himself pleasing in the sight of his acquisitive patron. For it is these powerful bankers and promoters and stock brokers and corporation directors who rule our colleges and institutions of learning who can open to him the doors of promotion.

These melancholy lucubrations stirred in my memory as I read far out on the Western prairies in a desert newspaper an important scrap of news. I remembered that two years ago an important investigation had been started into the munitions industry. In the course of it some rather shocking tales came out—stories of what happens when this acquisitive man sets out to trap his dollars amid the hates and passions and disasters of the human race. A number of very impressive industrialists and even more important bankers made up the cast of characters in this sordid drama. When it was all over a lady named Miss Rose M. Stein wrote a book called "M-Day" which attempted to put together in readable form for the busy citizen all the evidence brought out by the Senate Munitions Committee.

It was an honest book, written with much industry by a woman who had not the slightest notion of making money out of it. It was, in short, what so many books are not—a sincere contribution toward the clarification of a very much confused and very vital controversy.

This book, of course, like all new books was sent around to newspapers and magazine book reviewers. I do not recall how it was used generally, but I would assume that it got the usual honest inspection which is accorded most books. But one of the magazines to which it went was the terribly respectable Saturday Review of Literature. When it reached the editor he at once set about wondering who would be the ideal person to review that book. The ideal person, of course, would be some student who was completely disinterested, who above all had no personal interest

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one way or the other in any of the persons whose conduct was examined in the book. With this in mind the editor had no difficulty arriving at his choice. Among those criticised severely in Miss Stein's work was the great House of Morgan. And so, pursuing the obvious trail of fairness, the perplexed editor did the obvious thing. He called up the House of Morgan and asked who would be the ideal person to review the book. The House of Morgan was glad to oblige and one of the partners promptly recommended the ideal person for the job. He named a professor in Yale University, a professor of political history, who, as it happened, was a very dear friend of his. As this was the obvious person to review with candor and impartiality the book which criticized his friend, the good professor promptly accepted the commission.

At the time I was a little confused about the train of reasoning by which the eminent professor had settled the ethical proprieties in the case. I had been myself recently presented with the same problem. The editor of a well known magazine asked me to review a book on finance by another professor. But this professor had in turn written a review of one of my own books. The review was not only an unfavorable one but was written in a vein of singular malice. Therefore I felt I was not a fit person to be entrusted with a public judgment on this man's book. After all, I know that a book uses up a very considerable amount of a man's energy. A serious book is a pretty heavy undertaking. Whatever its faults it is entitled to a fair hearing. This gentleman who had castigated my own work so mercilessly was, nevertheless, entitled to a fair hearing for his own work. I did not feel I was quite the one to give him that fair hearing no matter how hard I tried. And I so informed the editor and bowed myself out of the job.

But after all I do not set myself up as a judge of such niceties against a professor, a very eminent professor in so eminent a seat of learning as Yale. And there can be little doubt that the eminent professor was right in doing that little job for his friend upon Miss Stein's book. After all, who is Miss Stein? What power can she exercise over the fortunes of an eminent professor? What consideration is a book by so unimportant a person entitled to? Why should not the eminent professor do this little job upon her book for his powerful patron? Of course there is but one answer to these very practical questions. And the eminent professor knew this answer. For now he is more eminent than ever. He has been hoisted to the sublime pinnacle of president of all the Yales—Yale in New Haven and in China beyond the Seas.

It falls to my lot to meet many young aspiring teachers, young instructors and even young professors and some old ones all over the country. And I see over and over again, with admiration for their courage but with deep sympathy for the difficult and troubled path they lay out for themselves, the ungrateful task of so many as they knock their heads against the solid granite of selfishness and meanness and narrowness that guards the portals of so many of our colleges. The patriotic prexies are there to protect the little America and the weird liberty of the Liberty Leaguers who have in turn exalted them into prexies. The trouble with these young star-gazers is that they do not know how to get along. Of course it may be they are not interested in getting along. Maybe they are interested in something else. Maybe they think there is something finer and nobler in their professions than pleasing a banker or a maker of cartridges—the war-bond and bomb-makers of our beloved country. But I think they must be wrong. For so few of them seem to get very far in the colleges, though occasionally they attain eminence in literature and the arts. Much oftener they get the boot, as Professor Jerome Davis did in this same Yale. How much further Professor Davis might have gone had he written a ringing defense of the Morgans under the mask of a literary review instead of his fine and brave "Capitalism and Its Culture." At all events the Davises and their like in Yale are now notified where they stand. For it is altogether probable that there will be no nonsense in the great hundred-million-dollar plant in New Haven while Professor Seymour, the eminent reviewer of Miss Stein's book, is president of Yale.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Left, Right and Wrong

Marching Song, by John Howard Lawson. Bayes Theatre, February 27, 1937.

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, by Barré Lyndon. Hudson Theatre, March 2, 1937.

THE MOST successful light in which to consider Mr. Lawson's play, I have decided after much thinking about the matter, is to take it as a war play. There is, as everybody knows, a war on between capital and labor. We might say, then, for example, that the capitalists are the Germans and the workers are the Allies. And so—

The story of "Marching Song" deals in quasi-particular with a factory worker, Russell, who has been turned out of his house unexpectedly, through the influence of the factory owners at the bank. There is a baby to be fed, Russell and his wife plan to join her sister in Vermont, and when that goes wrong are forced to move into the abandoned factory, where unemployed men are passing the winter. There is a Negro from Louisiana, brought in, uninformed as to the situation, as a strikebreaker, and now jobless. Race questions appear now and then, to be submerged later in brotherhood; and in the end the leader of the workers is tortured to death, but the strike goes on; the electric power is cut off by the workers at the powerhouse, the whole town is in darkness; and the Negro shouts, when all is said and done, the power is in the people.

The advantage of taking the play thus as a war piece is that there is only one side to the story, so that to those in the audience for whom this side is the only side, the case becomes very simple. There are (1) the good cause and the heroes, and (2) the bad cause and the villains, and between them a few mitigating individuals, to be regarded as semi-human, blind, impulsive or confused, as the case may be. The heartstrings may be tugged with grief and shock; the mind be burnt up with social wrongs; and the plot itself, along with its minor incidents, may sting and blister our very eyes and ears. And then in the end, the story will stop, be snapped off, at a friendly and victorious point. In this case it is the shutting off of the electric power in the town, and the upward swerve of the workers' realization of their strength. The final curtain thus becomes merely the wings of the audience's enthusiasm.

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Taken in this manner, "Marching Song" is a play with a rather straggling first act, too long, for one thing, and too uncertain as to the pattern of its emphasis. The next act picks up, largely because there is a concentration of the interest in fewer persons, and because the dramatic images become clearer and more telling visually. The acting too acquires a simpler and more ample field, so that the shading and development of a scene are more possible to the players in it. The drama grows steadily more capable of tension, and works toward excitement, suspense and genuine feeling. And by overlooking, for the moment, time, the history of human affairs and the rhythm of alternating causes, the final curtain is a stage whoop.

Taking "Marching Song" as a drama, drama any way you please, some of its shortcomings remain. One of them is a certain lack of taste in the tone now and again, an impoliteness almost toward the adversary. Such a remark will bring down on me, no doubt, the scorn of some of the revolutionary advocates of "Marching Song." Very well, they are in their way right, for who knows the point exactly where taste must give place to onrush, even force? All I am saying is *ars longa, vita breve,* an old, indisputable chestnut. The choice here in the Theatre Union's venture is as to whether it is more desirable or immediately pressing to exhilarate the partisans of the cause or to dissolve with all known means its scorners or opponents. How far taste in art is moral conscience, or moral conscience appears in art as taste, are questions not quite to be settled, outside of theatre foyers, in a jiffy. In the first act especially there are various purely invented and banal developments of the simile, wretched little symbolic preachments, that are false in tone and silly in effect.

The positive virtues of Mr. Lawson's play, independent of all classification, will be found here and there in his genuine gift for feeling, and in his poignancy of characterization, at such times as his poetic intuition is right. His is a talent always above his result. At his best he can take a stand, arrest the moment as it were, as few stage writers have the gift to do.

As to the performances by the Theatre Union's company, the main problem arises from one fact: a play with many characters and situations is given a presentation that is realistic. Stylistic, expressionistic and divers productions otherwise for such a play as this of Mr. Lawson's can be a bore often enough; but they do alternately solve or evade many practical stage and dramatic problems. To give such a play a realistic reproduction means that you must have all those many individual character portrayals right, the details just and honest and actual, the stage movement both natural and theatrically telling. This sometimes happens with "Marching Song." The individual playing is often good enough, the mass ensembles pressed into at least a degree of convincingness. But just as often the player is part real, part stage and part worthless. Mr. Grover Burgess as Pete Russell is, in general, good; he is blessed with a certain naturalism. Miss Frieda Altman as Jenny Russell is always bad—a real sincerity of understanding on her part ends in mere making faces; and, according to her version of realism, sleeping in the grimy old factory leaves one neat as either a pin or a leading lady, tidy shoes and all. (In every production there are so many forces that the dramatist has not written about at all!) It is a sad slant on actor egotism to think that any face, frock or feet could equal the, shall we say, abstractions of tragic circumstance. Miss Hester Sondergaard gives an entirely genuine performance of the little perplexed Italian woman, who is to be routed out as an alien, now that her husband is dead and the eight American-born children are left to her.

The single permanent setting for "Marching Song" was designed by Mr. Howard Bay. It is not only practicable in the best sense, but with its various forms and perspectives is easily one of the two or three best settings of the year.

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" is a crime play conceived in a sort of clubby suspense and delivered in a mild and easy half-tone. There is about the whole occasion a certain quiet absence of overt vulgarity that will be taken on Broadway as elegance. The situation is that of a doctor setting out on a criminal course in order to gather details and substantiations for a scientific work on the subject of crime. As a drama the piece would be improved if from almost the very start the leisure and sang-froid made room for a bit more emphasis on the point of the hero's genuine absorption, to a degree conceivably fantastic, with science.

I may suggest also that, provided we are to have such infinite leisure and slow pace in the play, we could stand, in America at least, a good deal more cerebration, if only to thicken the soup. To have little brains is safe enough with us; but to arouse a suggestion or expectation of brains is a more dangerous matter, to be coped with according to the entertainment in hand.

Some of the character acting in the play was of that sharp, secure British type that we rarely equal. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays agreeably, with perhaps an increasing persuasion, almost charm if you choose. The appeal of this suave and relaxed method is considerable; its importance may easily be overestimated. STARK YOUNG.

The Earth, the Egg, Etc.

WHEN Hollywood bought "The Good Earth" many of our better people must have had their quiet laugh. The rigors, constant striving and humdrum satisfactions of peasant life haven't been among the things that fit into Hollywood's light and fast routine. And anyone knows that in the movies, China is Charlie Chan, whereas this is a story of a simple farmer and his wife, their industry and devastation by the famine, their chance luck in the city, wealth, near-disaster and return to the ways of their farming ancestors. It would certainly be an easy thing to improvise a Joan Crawford mission for the screen treatment, have Clark Gable bobbing up as a coincidence off the "Empress of Asia," and then throw in all the rest for background—such background to consist of a few library shots of the Bund at Shanghai, several Willie Fungs padding around through a studio rice field saying "Me velly solly," etc. And yet the treatment of the book's large simplicities runs across the screen for nearly two hours and a half and turns out to be among the grandest things done in picturization.

To let highlights wait upon the dimmer regions, the story is occasionally disjointed or telescoped (negligence in the transitions from poverty to wealth, from the simple to the sybaritic and back again, are excusable in the light of

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the vast territory to be covered: the ideal treatment must simply cut away some of this ground altogether); and the emphasis on main characters should have been more evenly distributed—the uncle to be cut way down, the wife to be cut a little in repetitious moods, the friend to be built up somewhat. As to the central theme, it is trite without being a general truth, for although chance and industry may make this salvation through the soil a fact for hundreds, there are larger things (manifest, for example, in the revolution here serving as plot mechanics) governing the millions, for whom industry must prove vain and their good earth bitter, the present receptacle of their futile bones.

But the picture. It works its characters into the illusion of life, the life into the place and social state of their background, with a serene constancy of pitch that is surprising in a form so easily shifting from scene to scene, so quick and brilliant where the subject before its cameras is so even, dull and geared to oxen. A good deal of the mood comes from a miracle of solid patience and skill in the way of creating fields, implements, houses and everything in them, so that the smell and thickness of air in the Chinese household is all but in the theatre—the worn door frames would be smooth to the touch, the vital crops outside are almost tangible in their growth and meaning. Photography of exteriors is in keeping and frequently beautiful, what with grain in the wind and the wind over famine acres, clouds rolling up and the countryside under its careful husbandry. And all edited as a movie should be—flexibly, unobtrusively clarifying the story, joining multiple sequences and bridging over gaps in time or sense by intercuts and the dissolving fragments that serve so well here.

One of the most delicate problems was met rather well, though it will never be solved—I mean the problem of casting and making up actors, both white and yellow, to play Chinese lower-class people. The smaller parts soon become passably natural (Charles Grapewin, Walter Connolly, the people in the Great House, Tilly Losch, the friend Ching), and the main parts pass almost without question. Paul Muni is a fine talent and he builds the character of the husband; but there are qualities here which remain outside the range of the style he has chosen, so that he seems to dull his mind into character before he has penetrated the character. Thus as the clod he often seems to know what a clod is supposed to be, playing with the uneasiness and stiff emphasis of a peasant in a charade. His genius in character is felt again in the more difficult registers of despair, rage, tenderness, the triumph of will; and in the end it isn't that someone else could have filled the assignment better, but that Paul Muni (remember his magnificent Hunkie in "Black Fury") ought to have made it better himself.

The personification of beauty and strength in "The Good Earth" is left to Miss Rainer, who enters the part of the slave-girl wife as humbly as she enters her man's household in the story, choosing to be plain, small, quiet, the little figure awkward in its cares and heavy clothes. There is weight to be carried and work to be done; there is an even steadfastness to be maintained above all things; and if there is to be any attainment of loveliness, it must be through the acceptance of these stern duties, not in spite of them, or around them, or in time off from them. Retiring, shy and so very grave, her place becomes the center of the story; speaking few lines and those halting, her eyes, head, shoulders and subtle cast of face are presently the clearest expression an audience finds of what grim forces and simple faiths are involved before it. No one could fall naturally into such a part without study; no study would be enough without the clear genius to dissolve it in the expression; and even then there would be little without personal radiance and the constant flow of feeling—not too even in tenor for the relief of tears once, a fine flash of anger once, and often a new wonder, or tenderness, or a smile that is secret and obedient, but wiser than her lord. The Chinese wife is a powerful job of creation, but all below the surface, which remains wide, serene and fine.

Any testimonial to the excellence of these things in the production is in some measure a credit to the skill and good taste of Director Sidney Franklin; but in addition to these and the general run of the action there should be special mention for the superb effect of the locust sequence, where the lighting and sounds and mêlée of people built up a rare tension and held it for minutes. I don't know how they got it—the locusts come over the hill on the wind in a shifting awful cloud, and when they sift into the wheat the millions of them make a noise like a great fire, they pile up in ditches and move on across and nothing can stop them, the field is black and crawling with them, microscopic flashes showing the horrible avidity of their dense career—but I do know that it was not by simple chance and mechanics, for the whole thing is coördinated into one majestic movement of rise, climax and fall. What with the slow sweep of the general doom and the intense struggle and motion within it, I don't know when I have seen anything so lucid and terrifying.

But a good film is not to be made by spectacular touches alone, as can be seen from "The Lost Horizon," which appears to be Mr. Hilton's rewrite of "She" with a little reverse English and something of a special screwball in the way of cosmic thought. Frank Capra made it with evident care and faith, and Frank Capra has made living screen fiction out of nothing at all and a few bent hairpins with such steady ease that we have come to expect seeing him walk on the waters any minute now. But something has happened. The picture has its spots of charm, some really big adventure moments in Tibet, and the good work of Ronald Colman and Edward Everett Horton. It is a big expensive job and perhaps the capital letters and blast of horns with which it is being opened on the two-a-day time can be interpreted as happy days for it and lots of money. None the less it strikes me as little more than moxie and noodles, being in total mawkish, muffed and as mixed up as the only figures by which you could describe the general effect—*e.g.*, by saying in one breath that the Master's hand was not steady on the throttle because in diving off the deep end he had landed on the horns of a dilemma and laid a pretty terrific egg.

Among films that should have got a play while this column was absent from its duties are "The Plough and the Stars," an exceptional production of O'Casey's play; "The Eternal Mask"—really the new "Caligari," very intense and strange; "The Man Who Could Work Miracles"; "The Plainsman," an elegant Western more reminiscent of movie history than of the pioneer background borrowed for its cowboy-and-Indian fiction; and "Camille," which is still wonderful enough for future discussion. OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

Although known as a liberal, Seymour [the new president of Yale] is endowed with practical qualities.—*News item in The Chicago Tribune.*

Two recent editorials in Mussolini's newspaper, Popolo d'Italia of Milan, both attributed to him, taunt the middle class for its lack of babies and complain that since 1924 Italy, through its unsatisfactory birth rate, has lost babies sufficient to make fifteen army divisions.—*Item in The New York Post.*

On a proposal to pay the college president, J. R. E. Lee, $4,000 a year, Governor Cone said:

"There's no Negro on earth that's worth $4,000 a year salary—not to teach school."

Secretary of State Robert A. Gray broke in with "Thomas A. Edison, shortly before he died, offered a Negro $50,000 a year."

"Well," replied the Governor, "but Mr. Edison also said there was no God, but just the sort of a spiritual something, and a man like that might make that kind of an offer."—*A.P. dispatch to The Miami, Fla., Herald.*

WANTED: QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST QUICK

Our times need to be changed to suit the Constitution rather than change the Constitution to suit these perilous times.—*From a letter to the editor in The Arkansas Gazette.*

SECOND THOUGHT OR STITCH-IN-TIME DEPARTMENT

The chief argument in favor of the sales tax was to prevent the alarming increase of the population. We have more people in the world than we are able to feed and the sales tax should be made even higher so as to induce birth control.

When parents are made to realize that each additional child means a heavier sales tax such parents will think twice before afflicting the community with useless children. —*From Letters to the Editor of The Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado.*

PATRIOTIC SKIN GAME

Stripping is definitely an American art, and I believe it should be kept entirely American.—*Herbert Minsky to the House Immigration Committee as reported in the Detroit Free Press.*

SO THEY ASKED FOR BREAD, DID THEY?

Because it stopped Hitler's car, a stone just bigger than a cobblestone has been lifted from the mud and put on a pedestal, where it is worshiped now as a "sacred Hitler shrine."

"It will be an eternal relic for Germans and all generations to come," said the burgomaster of this village in his speech at the public celebration which marked the dedication of the stone hallowed by the touch of a tire of Der Führer's car.—*A.P. dispatch from Salz, Germany.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Packing the Mail Box

SIR: Apparently the lobbyists have been combing the telephone book again. Although until tonight I had sent no communication to my Congress representative, Ralph Church, on the Supreme Court question, tonight I received from him acknowledgment of receipt of such communication, and a promise of his vigorous opposition to the proposed legislation! Where is this kind of forgery going to stop?

Evanston, Ill. ARLENE RIPPLE.

Trotsky and the Russian Trials

SIR: Your recent editorials indicate that you believe an inquiry into the justice of the Moscow trials would be futile. We do not agree with this view. The trials were held under peculiar circumstances, with the brunt of the accusations lying against people who were not on trial and whose testimony has not been heard. The confessions, verdicts and hasty executions have aroused disquiet among liberals and labor organizations in all countries. A large part of the press doubts the validity of the proceedings.

This controversy can only have an unfortunate effect on all progressive movements. The Boston Globe says that after these confessions one must be prepared to believe anything about Communists. The Chicago Tribune now declares itself uncertain as to the innocence of the Communists in the Reichstag fire case.

After the Reichstag fire trial there was a counter-trial, a commission of inquiry which met in London and which included representatives of liberal and labor opinion. It was impartial in the simple sense that its overwhelming majority was neither Hitlerite nor Communist. Such a commission of inquiry should consider the charges, evidence and counter-evidence in this trial concerning the one man who persistently denies any guilt in the matter, and who, without having had a day in court, has been represented as the chief criminal. Only before such a commission is there a possibility that the evidence concerning him may be sifted and the facts become clear.

A commission of inquiry has been advocated by committees here and abroad, including such men as your contributing editors H. N. Brailsford and John Dewey, as well as by the Labor and Socialist International and various labor bodies. We contributors to The New Republic support the idea and hope that such a commission will be set up and will begin to function as soon as possible.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, ELEANOR CLARK, JAMES T. FARRELL, MARTHA GRUENING, LOUIS HACKER, SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE, LUDWIG LORE, JAMES RORTY, CLARA G. STILLMAN, LIONEL TRILLING.

New York City.

[If Trotsky is innocent, we should like to see him vindicated as soon as possible. If he is guilty of conspiring with the fascist powers against his own country, we should like to see his guilt firmly established. But we fear that neither purpose would be served by a "counter-trial" such as is suggested above; it would simply intensify the confusion. It seems unlikely to us that a commission of inquiry could be formed that would be both impartial and able to devote the necessary time to the matter, and still more unlikely, considering its auspices, that it would be able to obtain witnesses or evidence from within the Soviet Union. With only one side represented, the "counter-trial" would serve chiefly as a sounding board for propaganda. Trotsky, meanwhile, could himself help to clarify the situation by bringing forward the evidence to which he has referred so often. If any of this evidence bears on the guilt or innocence of people already tried or likely to be tried in Moscow, he has no excuse for holding it back. The newspapers and magazines of this country—and indeed of most countries—are open to his statements. The publication of this evidence would serve much the same purpose as if it were delivered verbally before a court of inquiry.

Meanwhile there are more important questions than Trotsky's guilt. There is the question whether Spain is going to keep its own

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government or is going to be conquered by German and Italian troops. There is the question whether American labor is going to be really organized for the first time. And there is the question whether American liberals and progressives are going to work toward the ends they have in common, or whether they are going to dissipate their influence by quarrels among themselves over questions that concern them at second hand.—THE EDITORS.]

Credit to Cabell

SIR: Mr. Cabell appears to be thoroughly destroyed by Mr. Jack [The New Republic, January 13]. It's a pity; because, as I remember it, the man really had an idea. In "Beyond Life"—a dull enough conversation perhaps—he spoke of humanity as " . . . honeycombed with poltroonery and greedy in all desires; and yet willing to give all, and to die fighting if need be, for the sake of that one undemonstrable idea." Which seemed a pretty enough way of alluding to a quite serious truth: namely, the perverse capacity of the creature to cherish a Faith.

Mr. Cabell's faith, if I understood him rightly, would be in the demiurgic (?) power of romantic day-dreaming to keep beautiful ideals alive in an ugly world. Romance would be the method by which the race builds its air castles; it is faith in air castles which keeps us from hopeless stagnation and despair. Romanticizing is therefore a socially constructive process; for as ideals are by definition unattainable we must continually project our idealizations beyond the bounds of any discernible reality.

Granting that this is at least a little better than the mere psychology of escape, can't we give Mr. Cabell a bit of credit for it?

JOHN R. P. FRENCH.

Kendall Green, Mass.

A Plan for Agriculture

SIR: For four years there has been much tinkering with the mechanisms of agriculture and some baling-wire improvisations to fix up temporarily the problems of overproduced crops and soil depletion. Now we are being exposed to a barrage of fix-it hoopla about the problem of farm tenancy. It is well known that farm tenancy and soil depletion are centered mainly in areas of chronically overproduced crops. These are closely interrelated problems and should have an integrated solution.

Toward such a solution I wish to suggest the creation of an Agricultural Management Authority and the establishment of a National Land Policy. Such an AMA should be a centralized federal agency operating through subsidiary agencies set up for each chronically overproduced crop, *e. g.*, a Cotton Authority, a Wheat Authority, etc. The NLP should be based on a government purchase of overproduced crop lands, which can now be bought most reasonably. All such lands should constitute a permanent federal domain to be reforested, regrassed or sublet to leaseholders for specified crops and acreage.

To saddle poverty-stricken farm tenants with the overwhelming obligations and debt burdens of ownership would be criminal stupidity. A federal domain under an AMA with such tenants as leaseholders paying a percentage of the value of the annual crops as rent offers a much better solution. Such leases could be for a short time or for life with the privilege to pass on to a competent heir depending on the demonstrated ability of the leaseholder, thus providing a basis for security of tenure. Sufficient lands should be in the federal domain to give the AMA an effective control of any chronically overproduced crop. Private owners would continue hold and operate lands; in all probability the best land, even overproduced crop lands. But the social program of the AMA for leaseholders on the federal domain would be a spur to private landlords, a competition in good rural conditions they would have to meet if they would hold their tenants.

Money for such a program could be raised if the AMA were given the right to issue specially favored, sixty-year, two-percent Land Bonds, which could be purchased by the United States Treasury and Federal Reserve Banks as well as by private persons. Rent of lands should be sufficient to retire these land bonds.

WILLIAM EDWARD ZEUCH.

Black Mountain, S. C.

Leave No Embers Behind

SIR: With another forest-fire season in the offing, federal and state forest services are seeking wider public understanding of the cause, effect and prevention of forest fires. Human carelessness with fire is chiefly responsible for the damages. . . .

Just a little more care will keep a lot more forests green, provide much more work for the unemployed in wood-using industries, permit forest cover to play its natural role in flood prevention and underground water storage, and preserve and improve our wild land resources for outdoor recreation.

Every person can help. . . . Public-spirited people will develop personal habits of rigorous care in the use of fire and lend hearty support to all agencies seeking to stop our present average annual fire loss of 42,000,000 acres.

C. M. GRANGER,
Acting Chief, United States Forest Service.

Washington, D. C.

The Stand of the Lawyers' Guild

SIR: The issue before the American lawyer, presented by the organization of the National Lawyers' Guild, is a simple one. One hundred and forty thousand lawyers (more than 80 percent of the nation's lawyers), do not belong to any national bar group. We call upon these lawyers to assume that position of leadership in public life that was once theirs. This is not a struggle between the American Bar Association and the National Lawyers' Guild. It is not a quarrel of persons. It is a clash of principles. The National Lawyers' Guild stands for the child-labor amendment. It stands for the social-security laws, for minimum-wage laws and for every law to promote human welfare. The opposing group stands against the child-labor amendment and against every other similar law. . . .

In the President's judicial-reform program, I have yet to hear an intelligent lawyer or student assert that reform was not needed. It is asserted by some that the President's proposal does not bring reform in the proper manner, or that it does not reach the fundamental problem. They assert that change and reform should come through the expedient of the constitutional amendment. Those who urge that the future of our nation would be endangered by the adoption of the President's program, are using an outworn device to frighten people into opposition. . . .

The accumulation of distrust and prejudice against the lawyer and the court has come from the fact that the only articulate group in America has always spoken against the interest of the ordinary citizen. More than 80 percent of the lawyers are never heard from on issues of public interest. If the lawyer is to retain his place of leadership and power in the community, he must speak as the champion and friend of the less favored but larger groups. That is all the National Lawyers' Guild now undertakes to do on behalf of all who believe in the future of our profession.

JOHN P. DEVANEY,
President, National Lawyers' Guild.

Minneapolis, Minn.

From Mr. Mohn to Mr. Otis

SIR: While bouquets are being thrown at Ferguson (The New Republic, Febuary 17), let me throw mine; or, rather, gently hand it to him. For more than a year now I have wanted to write to tell you how angry I become whenever I pick up an issue of The New Republic that lacks a Ferguson movie review. For Mr. Otis I have no regrets. He is one of the very few critics—if not the only one—who understands and responds to the sensuousness of the medium he is criticizing. When he sees a movie that is good in the best way, which is sensuously, he inevitably succeeds in conveying to his reader the full impact of the feeling which the film evoked in him as a spectator. Through the rhythm of his sentences and the things named in them, we have the movie all over again. . . . More power to him! He's more serious than all the other critical boys of celluloid thrown together; and he isn't so stiff-necked.

West Chester, Pa. EARL MOHN.

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The Agro-Joint in Russia

SIR: Your friendly editorial paragraph of March 3 on the work of the Agro-Joint in Russia contains an error which in justice to the Joint Distribution Committee should be set right. The Committee is not "asking continued support" for its work in Russia. No appropriations from current fund-raising in America have been made for this work during the last three years, nor will any appropriation be made from funds raised in the 1937 campaign for $4,650,000 to be applied to reconstructive aid for Jews in Central and Eastern Europe. Also, I think it would be more accurate to say that the Agro-Joint colonies have been absorbed into the general Russian economic scheme rather than to say, as you did, that the Soviet government "took over and continued the projects with its own financing."

I may add that Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, the present director of the Agro-Joint, originally went to Russia as a representative of the Joint Distribution Committee with Colonel William N. Haskell of the American Relief Administration, and the land-settlement and industrial-training projects grew out of the conditions revealed through the first relief work. The Agro-Joint is still active, utilizing its own resources in coöperation with the Soviet government and the colonies themselves in developing this work. Another organization that should be mentioned in this connection is the American Society for Jewish Farm Settlements in Russia, Inc., founded in 1928, which loaned $8,000,000 to the government for the specific purpose of aiding Jewish settlement work in Russia through the Agro-Joint.

New York City. HERBERT J. SELIGMAN.

Illness First, Deductions Afterward

SIR: Since my weekly wage check now carries notations of three deductions and a blank space for a fourth soon expected to be compulsory, your suggested next step—health insurance, at six percent—leads me to wonder how short a time will elapse before the aggregate of deductions will exceed my wages. . . . As much as I desire economic security, I do not wish it at too high a price.

Some of us who earn $2,000 to $3,000 and even less but manage to pay medical bills are stupid enough to believe that the struggle we go through to pay for medical service is preferable to compulsory health insurance at 83 cents a week or whatever sum. . . . The most unfortunate of us who are wage-earners obviously cannot save enough from our meager earnings to meet the cost of illness to ourselves and—what economic stupidity!—our families. Let those who would remedy our plight increase our wages.

St. Louis, Mo. CARL DU SABOT.

Gauguin and the Polynesians

SIR: I found Stark Young's review of Paul Gauguin's "Intimate Journals" [The New Republic, January 6] sympathetic, but I regretted he did not mention this bravura autobiography's grim background. At "Atuan, Marquesas. January-February, 1903"—three months before he died—Gauguin, an embittered white man bedridden, in that tropical paradise, by a syphilitic leg, wrote "Intimate Journals." Reading his more boastful paragraphs, we must remember the circumstances under which he was writing—otherwise they appear childish.

In 1903 few understood those canvases he claimed were based on the primitive beliefs of Polynesia; actually his European cultural heritage controlled their every line. Though his pictures of Polynesia were superficial, his understanding of the wrongs done this once physically and morally fine people by European colonizers was not. What he writes about the natives seems commonplace to us now, but we should remember that it was written in 1903 and consequently antedates most present-day ethnographical writing. Gauguin, the poseur, genuinely loved the natives. Over their wrongs he came to grips with the government, and only death saved him from going to prison himself for them. And his sincerity is apparent even in translation, for the style of "Intimate Journals" changes from the flippant to the scientifically earnest when Gauguin writes of the natives.

Cobalt, Ontario. EDWARD BUCKMAN.

Wanted! Books for Workers

SIR: A number of Pittsburgh educators, labor leaders and professional people generally of a liberal turn of mind have established several workers' schools in the industrial towns around Pittsburgh. The project is going over very well. What we particularly need now is a traveling library for these communities. Are there among your readers people whose shelves are laden with books they no longer especially need, but which we could make excellent use of? We need particularly books on labor problems, labor history, labor and the law, proletarian novels, plays and poetry. Critics are especially urged to examine their shelves.

Books, or money for books, may be sent to: Workers' Schools in Western Pennsylvania, Jane Addams Peace Center, 206 Stanwix Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

ROSE M. STEIN, Secretary.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Girolamo Valenti, editor of La Stampa Libera and chairman of the Italian Anti-Fascist Committee, 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City, writes that only the Garibaldi Battalion, part of the International Brigade at Madrid, redeems in some measure the shameful actions of Mussolini both in Spain and Ethiopia. He asks our readers to help the work of the Committee.

Praise for Robert Allison Evans' poem, "Coal Cracker's Song," in The New Republic for February 17, comes from Bertha T. Coryell, of White Plains, New York.

Since President Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal will not guarantee a more rapid rotation of the bench permanently, Hugo Knipprath of Detroit, Michigan, suggests that Justices be appointed for four-year terms, with an age limit of sixty-five.

Abner Green, of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, thanks us for the appeal we printed for funds to save the anti-Nazi, Fred Werrman, from being deported to Germany, and announces that owing to the money so raised from our readers and other sources Mr. Werrman will be allowed to leave the country "voluntarily" for a country of his choice.

Upton Sinclair again writes of Antonia Sokolicz Merkel, who is now out on bail awaiting trial for alleged Communist activities in Poland, partly because of translating and distributing some of Mr. Sinclair's books.

Albert C. Clark, a letter carrier of seven years' experience in Yakima, Washington, writes us that he was discharged because he objected to the illegal distribution of "bank night" advertising in the mails, and has been unable to get the Post Office Department to take action in his case.

What's on the Air?

Charles Melvoin, CPA, of De Paul University, discusses "What Are Your Income Deductions?" Saturday, March 13, 4 P.M., CBS.

Ford Maddox Ford, Fannie Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach and others converse about the art of conversation. Monday, March 15, 9 to 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Eamon De Valera, president of the Irish Free State, delivers "A St. Patrick's Day Message" from Dublin. Wednesday, March 17, 4:15 P.M., CBS.

James A. Farley and Alfred E. Smith appear together on the program of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Wednesday, March 17, 10:15 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Senator George Norris of Nebraska speaks before the National Conference on Constitutional Amendments and is introduced by Mayor LaGuardia. Thursday, March 18, 8 to 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Among the notable musical events of the week are: Elisabeth Rethberg as soloist with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, March 14, 9 to 10 P.M., CBS; Josef Hoffman, pianist, with a symphony orchestra directed by Erno Rapee, Sunday, March 14, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network; and José Iturbi as guest conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Thursday, March 18, 8:30 to 9:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Retreat from Moscow

LAST SUMMER André Gide went to Russia for the first time. He found much to admire and even love, he saw whole countrysides that already have "the laughing look of happiness," but in general he was disillusioned. And because he had felt such exalted hopes for Russia—because he is more respected, in a half-reluctant fashion, than any other living French writer, and because the French conservatives have been talking and fearing revolution—the little book he wrote about his travels has been read and quoted and lovingly misinterpreted by the very people who neglected his earlier works. It is announced for American publication late in the spring, and extracts from it may appear in The New Republic. Meanwhile, from the French text, let us see what the book contains.

Roughly the first third of it is filled with praise for the Soviet Union. Most of the French critics have slighted this section in their eagerness to discuss the more sensational chapters that follow, but it is essential to Gide's plan. He is trying to give an accurate picture of his impressions, and part of that picture is the enthusiasm he felt for Russian factories and coöperative farms, for the vigorous life of Russian cities, for the beaches of the Crimea, the forests of the Caucasus, but most of all—since he loves people more than landscapes—for the warmth and human friendliness of Russians everywhere. He did not feel that anything was being concealed from him. "Several times," he says, "it was our luck to blunder unexpectedly into village schools, nurseries or clubs that nobody expected us to see and that were doubtless in no way distinguished from many others. And these are the ones that I most admired, precisely because nothing there had been made ready for display."

Nevertheless he was continually tormented by the comparison between Soviet life as it was actually lived and that ideal culture for which he had been scanning the future. More and more doubts piled up in his mind. First of all he was worried by the terrible mediocrity of the merchandise displayed in the Moscow stores. Were these ugly cottons and these tasteless melons the best that an enlightened government controlling all industry and agriculture could offer its citizens? Then he was depressed by the uniformity of the crowds in Moscow, all dressed in summer white, and by the cottages on the collective farms, identical buildings each with the same factory-built furniture, the same picture of Stalin, and absolutely nothing else. The uniformity of minds was even worse: everybody seemed to take his opinions from the latest edition of Pravda, and this without the least sign of intellectual rebellion. Gide was full of love for the Russian youth: some of his happiest days were spent with Komsomols or in the summer camps of the Young Pioneers. But he was disquieted by the growth among them of a "superiority complex," of a national pride so intense that they were willing to remain in ignorance of other nations. Some of the Pioneers—and some of their elders too—refused to believe that there were subways in Paris or that the French workers were not completely and uniformly miserable. And the same children and elders showed unmistakable signs of class feeling—they were intellectually gifted and therefore privileged; they expected other Russians to be content with lower living standards. This growth of bourgeois pride and inequality was what disturbed Gide most of all. "The Soviets have shown us," he says, "that they are capable of making sudden changes of direction. But I greatly fear that in order to put an end to this 'bourgeoisification,' which is now approved and encouraged by the rulers, there will soon have to be a sharp about-face that runs the risk of being as brutal as the one that ended the New Economic Policy."

Another of Gide's complaints is summed up in a story that has already become famous. Driving from Tiflis to Batum, his party passed through Gori, the little town where Stalin was born. Gide thought that it would be only simple politeness to send a telegram thanking Stalin for the splendid welcome he had received everywhere in the Soviet Union. He stopped at the post office to dictate a message: "Passing through Gori in the course of our marvelous journey, I feel the cordial impulse to address you. . . ." But here the translator halted to explain that Gide could not speak in this fashion: the simple "you" was not enough when that "you" was Stalin; the proper form was "you, chief of the workers," or "you, master of the peoples." Gide protested that Stalin was above these mean flatteries, but there was nothing he could do; his message would not be, and was not, accepted for transmission until he had agreed to observe the proper forms of Soviet courtesy.

In many ways his "Retour de l'U.R.S.S." bears a curious resemblance to Edmund Wilson's "Travels in Two Democracies." Both books are written in a simple style, colloquial and negligent by careful design. Both give an impression of complete candor. Both are based, not on general statistics, but rather on personal experience and the daily incidents of travel. Both authors reach almost the same conclusions, but these are based on subjective reactions so different in the two cases that sometimes they cancel each other off. Thus, Gide loved to wander through the Park of Culture and Rest in Moscow; he had never seen a place of public amusement that seemed so full of friendliness and essential goodness. Wilson found the park depressing and tried to keep away from it. Gide thought that all Russians were cast in one identical mold. Wilson, during his six weeks at the contagious hospital in Odessa, collected an album of striking and eccentric characters that would not be easy to match in any city west of the Russian border. In his direct comments on Russian society, Wilson seems less naïve than Gide, who was always looking for Utopia and being desolated when he failed to find it. But Gide has a somewhat better grasp of international politics: he realizes that the compromises he dislikes are not the work of a personal devil named Stalin, but rather the effects of a policy forced on the country by the hourly danger of war. This danger, so he tells us, helps to explain the progressive restoration of the family, of private property, of the right of inheritance: Soviet citizens now have personal possessions to defend against an invader, as well as their abstract pride in revolution. And yet, Gide adds, "It is thus that the original impulse is progressively weakened and lost, and eyes cease to be fixed on the future. . . . One is forced to admit in so many words: that is not what we wanted. One step more and we should even say: it is exactly what we did not want."

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1 Retour de l'U.R.S.S., by André Gide. Paris: Gallimard. 125 pages. 6 francs.

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Yet even though Gide reaches this harsh conclusion (and others still harsher), his book is more confused and contradictory than anyone would imagine from this brief summary. Out of it one could extract an essay filled solely with praise for the Soviet Union. Out of it one could extract a slightly longer essay filled solely with condemnation—and this is exactly what the conservative French newspapers have been doing. I hear that Gide himself is deeply disturbed by the fashion in which his book has been used by the enemies of everything he loves. He is still a revolutionary, though a Utopian revolutionary, and his book remains somewhere within the extreme limits of revolutionary self-criticism. One might say that the real tone of it is set by the last few lines: "The aid just furnished to Spain by the USSR shows us the happy revivals of which it remains capable. The USSR has not done with teaching us and surprising us." MALCOLM COWLEY.

Three Professionals

We Are Not Alone, by James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

Theatre, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Antigua Stamp, by Robert Graves. New York: Random House. $2.50.

WHEN ALMOST anyone can be an author, and almost anyone is, it is sometimes a relief to encounter the work of paid hands. Literature as she is now written is a messy proposition. No one knows its limits, no one knows its aims. Except among "commercial" writers, it is coming to be regarded not as an art, a thing in itself, but as a tool: a stink-bomb, an undertaker's wreath, a contraceptive, a blueprint, a rosary. But Messrs. Hilton, Maugham and Graves are professionals, and their point of view about writing is professional: they are not advertising anything at all; the only wares they have to offer are these modestly priced books. It's as simple as that. All these authors are after is to entertain you, and if you are entertained—enough of you, that is, to make it worth while for them to have written the books—they will be satisfied.

Mr. Hilton's target looks like a pretty easy mark: he aims for the heart, which in reader-audiences is much bigger than the head. "We Are Not Alone" is another shot at the same bull's-eye that "Good-by, Mr. Chips" hit smack in the middle. This time, instead of an elderly schoolmaster, the hero is a middle-aged doctor, whose practice in an English cathedral town had made him very nearly perfect. He had his foibles, of course: he was a bit on the absent-minded, unpractical side, and his hard-bitten wife was unsympathetic with his habit of letting bills go uncollected. When the doctor was called to the local theatre one night to treat a dancer who had broken her arm, he didn't tell his wife about it, because the poor girl couldn't pay up. Later he saw the dancer again—this time she had tried to kill herself—and had even less temptation to talk about her at home, because now he was paying for her board and lodging while she was recovering. When Jessica had to have a job, however, he managed to get his wife to take her on as governess for their small boy. And of course it didn't work out. It even came to a melodramatic tragedy in the end, when the doctor's wife discovered Jessica's past and fired her for it, when the doctor and Jessica discovered that they loved each other, and when the wife stupidly took an overdose of sleeping pills the same night the doctor was escorting Jessica innocently to London. Yes, they swung for it, innocent as they were. But as Mr. Hilton tells it, it's a pathetic mess rather than a tragedy. If you are part of the bull's-eye he was aiming for, you will be reduced to tears. But there won't be many of you—not nearly so many of you as smiled bravely with swimming eyes over "Mr. Chips."

Mr. Hilton has written a valentine, Mr. Maugham a aims at, but chuckles. His matter-of-fact, entertainingly shocking revelations of what everyone but sentimental novelists knows are facts of human nature bring delighted titters from every part of the house. He has a simple, shocking and plausible explanation for every human action. Not *really* shocking, of course: he doesn't actually take the hide off anybody, or even all the clothes—just enough to show that he has an excitingly accurate knowledge of human anatomy. The general effect of Mr. Maugham's books is that of a tale told by a rather tired man who can't be bothered to keep up the usual conventional pretenses. The reason his stories are not boring or depressing—and they are sometimes a little depressing—is that Mr. Maugham knows how to tell them. There is nothing at all unusual about "Theatre": it recounts the career of a successful actress, which is not a particularly fresh subject for a novel. Mr. Maugham would say that there are no fresh subjects—it is simply a question of peeling a little more dry skin off the same old onion. And this he does admirably. How fresh it will look in ten years is another question, and one which Mr. Maugham does not bother about. The life of a novel, he has said, is ninety days.

In "Theatre" he exhibits his pet trick-of-the-trade to good effect. Everyone suspects that even great actors and actresses are human, but because there is something magical to most of us about stage people, we can never be sure just how human they are or when. Mr. Maugham shows them to us in no uncertain light. His heroine, Julia, is a born actress: she is not beautiful but she has "an india-rubber face" and an almost inexhaustible fund of mimicry. She is ambitious and sensible, and works hard. As far as her "natural" self goes, she is vulgar, impressionable, passionate—definitely not a "lady." When she falls in love with a fellow actor, Michael, who is a beautiful physical specimen but not much in other ways, Julia lavishes her adoration on him and suffers all the torments of love. When she finally gets over it, she is sensible enough to confess to herself that not being in love is a great relief. But she and Michael are married now; they make a good team, and rise to the heights of their profession. Then Julia falls in love again, with an undistinguished young man, young enough to be her son. The affair is even more excruciatingly shameful than her first. Julia finally emerges, not exactly with flying colors but without having struck them. And again this shockingly sensible woman, who by this time has little of her "natural" self left but her shrewd vulgarity, experiences a glow of relief. She goes off to celebrate by herself, and breaks training: she orders a woman-size supper of oysters, grilled steak and onions, fried potatoes and a bottle of Bass. See? says Mr. Maugham. All the world's a stage, and that's what actors are like, from Mrs. Siddons to Julia.

Mr. Hilton has written a valentine, Mr. Maugham a prescription. Mr. Graves's "The Antigua Stamp" is a joke, very elaborate and carefully worked out. Some people will think it is too true to be funny. Jane, who is bright, and her brother Oliver, who is dull, are joint owners of a stamp collection. As they grow up and take diverging paths—Jane's a successful career in the theatre, Oliver's an unsuccessful try at novel-writing—they forget about the collection. Then they meet again, and quarrel, and Jane claims

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her share of the stamps. Oliver, who has discovered that one of the stamps is unique, tries to trick her, then sells the unique stamp at auction. There are two court trials and some very devious shenanigans on both sides before the stamp finds its rightful owner and the quarrel between Jane and Oliver is settled. What some readers will find it hard to forgive Mr. Graves is that there is no one in the story with whom they can really feel at home. A reader is likely to feel uncomfortably lost unless he can attach himself to some character. But in this case, though he can feel a certain sympathy for Oliver as long as he is the victim of feminine justice, Oliver soon forfeits any claim to sympathy by his embarrassingly masculine trickery. Then there is no one to support the reader but Jane, and most men, at least, will feel that Jane's shoulder is a little sharp to lean on. Mr. Graves gives such readers little comfort: he says, in effect, that if they can't emulate Jane and stand on their own feet, so much the worse for them. "The Antigua Stamp" is a very carefully worked-out joke indeed: if the reader takes it—as some will—as a personal affront to readerhood, then the joke is on the reader.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Heldenleben

Wooden Titan: Hindenburg in Twenty Years of German History, 1914-1934, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. New York: William Morrow and Company. 511 pages. $5.

ERNST ROEHM, murdered on "Bloody Saturday" of 1934 at the order of Hitler to whom he had always been faithful, entitled his autobiography "The History of a Traitor." This title would have been more appropriate for the memoirs of Paul von Hindenburg—or for the numerous biographies of the last President of the German Republic that have appeared during the past decade. The motif of his life was desertion and betrayal: of his colleagues in war, of his Kaiser in defeat, of his monarchist supporters in 1925, of his republican supporters in 1932, of his superiors, aides and subordinates, and of the Constitution he had sworn to uphold. But so great is human credulity and the potency of legends that the man who surrendered the Reich to Nazi barbarism was venerated to the end by millions of his fellow countrymen as the embodiment of faith, loyalty and unshakable devotion to duty.

This paradox is the central theme of John W. Wheeler-Bennett's absorbing volume. This life of a false hero is not "definitive." There is no bibliography and little documentation. Too many questions are still unanswerable. The social and psychic roots of Hindenburg's simple but elusive character are not here laid bare. But this work is unquestionably the most adequate biography of the Teutonic idol with feet of clay that has yet been written. It is judicious, sympathetic and eminently readable. It is based on exhaustive knowledge of military strategy and political intrigue. Half of the volume deals with the myth of Tannenberg and the role of the Field Marshal as the "highly respected zero" of the German General Staff, taking credit for the achievements of Ludendorff and Hoffmann, furnishing a deceptive façade for Ludendorff's military dictatorship, acting as the passive tool of agrarian and industrial imperialists, venerating his Kaiser and finally, by his miscalculations and circumlocutions, causing his Emperor to lose his throne. The remainder of the book reviews ably and with many new insights the politics of the Republic and the fantastic tale of the delivery of Germany to fascism. After the betrayal at Spa in November, 1918, Hindenburg's life became an expiation in which his guilt was washed away by anxiety to restore the monarchy, to protect the Junkers who bought him body and soul by the gift of Neudeck, and to resurrect the military might of the Reich, even at the cost of destroying his friends and of committing high treason to German democracy and to all his ideals of honesty and integrity.

But the indictment is tempered with pity for one who was at once impressionable and phlegmatic, stubborn and confused. Unaware of his own weaknesses, Hindenburg strove to serve. But he was always the tool of his entourage, and he permitted his "duty" to be defined by others whom he followed blindly. His "leadership" was at all times pathetic. Its consequences in the end were tragic.

To Mr. Wheeler-Bennett this life and all its bitter aftermath are most appropriately symbolized by the great wooden statues of the war years, like images of Nordic deities, into which patriotic Germans pounded nails bought with contributions to the Red Cross. "Here the underlying streak of paganism in the German character was combined with Christian humanity, the worship of the war-god with alleviation of the ghastly results of such worship. The contrast is sharp; the incongruity almost frightening. The strange problem of German psychology is here displayed, a fierce and pagan sadism mingling with the spirit of human kindliness." Thanks to Hindenburg and thanks to the shortsightedness and timidity of the forces of democracy and peace, this problem may yet spell the suicide of civilization in Western Europe.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

"Surrounded by Indians"

Paradise, by Esther Forbes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE WILDS of New England were here and there dotted with a small Number of Settlements called Towns. These were surrounded by Indians." These sentences from Cotton and Increase Mather describe perfectly the background of this novel—a long story, spanning the years from 1639 to the end of King Philip's War, and of an exceedingly neat and sturdy physical construction. Miss Forbes has isolated one of the settlements in Massachusetts, named it Canaan, and filled it with figures and incidents that parallel those in the records of historical societies. She has surrounded it by Indians who are vivid with well documented, often humorous, detail. In characterizing Fenton, son of the founder of the house, "Paradise," she reaches down deeper than elsewhere, for she relates him spiritually to the wild New England. To make the man like the country is imaginative work. Equally good work is the change in Bathsheba, his love, from her coquetry as a London lady to her half-mad witchery as a branded Puritan sinner.

Women historical novelists are sometimes too easily stirred by tombstones and inventories, and take their tone from these rather than from a subtle reading of their period. Miss Forbes makes no new critical attack on the nature and spirit of the Puritans. Hawthorne took up the burden of their sins with his own strong dark artistry, and we will have some time the Cotton Mather biography by Katherine Anne Porter, which is exquisitely sly, to judge by a published fragment. This narrative cannot be compared with these, for it adds to historical knowledge only on the physical side, though well above the essential trashiness of "Gone with the Wind." The comparison comes to mind because "Paradise" shares with that book the two qualities which, put together, seem bound to make a material publishing success —length and pace.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

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Seeing Shelley Plain

The Magic Plant: The Growth of Shelley's Thought, by Carl Grabo. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 459 pages. $4.

FOR SEVENTY-FIVE years, Arnold's unfortunate phrase, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel," has been too generally the popular measure of Shelley. The comment Leigh Hunt made to James Russell Lowell in 1855 was better: "Shelley always lived at the tip-end of his being, as if he had just come from somewhere and were going somewhere else." If Hunt did not understand the whole Shelley, at least he recognized the alertness of his mind. For that "tip-end of his being" was incandescent. To show how incandescent Shelley actually was is the aim of "The Magic Plant," with its title adopted from an uncompleted work. Here for the first time is a book which deals at full length with his mind and thought.

Shelley was certainly a "romantic," whatever that may mean, but he was far more than that slippery word usually signifies. He longed for freedom; he was emotional; he worshiped love and beauty and truth. But truth for him was not merely subjective and absolute. He loved man; he longed for a better world; but only because he knew man and the world so painfully well. He tried his hand at direct action for reform; and all his life he set action above poetry. He was practical; he realized that revolutions should come slowly. He recognized the need of the usual social reforms. He was practical in helping the unfortunate, in sympathizing with the exploited worker. He saw clearly the evils of war, of tyranny, the futility of statesmen, the hollowness of organized religion. He wrote a treatise on political reform. He was absorbed in science and its latest developments; and he embodied them in his poetry. He was no recluse shut up in an imaginative world. He was intensely alive to all that was going on and, if he was an idealist, he was an idealist firmly based in realism. The good society, he recognized, was impossible until man himself is good. Man must be educated through the emotions and the imagination as well as through reason. Hence his writings—"Let my dead thoughts kindle the universe." He was prophetic. Head and heart worked together, intensely, keenly. Fundamentally, Shelley was an intelligent, contemporary, honest man. And because of this he was hated in his own time and has been mistrusted ever since. But Dr. Grabo sees him as he was; and Shelley's reputation is the gainer.

Yet in spite of his practical side, Shelley was an imaginative poet. His practical reason instinctively phrased itself in visions of blinding splendor. These have deceived readers into thinking that he was a mere dreamer. He found the world hard to understand and he had suffered many disillusionments. He could not believe that the futilities and evil he found were the ultimate truth. He could not rest until he could reach some sort of spiritual interpretation that satisfied both his heart and his head. He was essentially religious; and Christianity as he found it did not satisfy him. He sought philosophy in Platonism, or neo-Platonism; but he still kept his sense of reality. His position as to matter and the essential substance of nature has its counterpart in the latest hypotheses of modern scientists. Like them he was an imaginative realist. I venture to believe that no nobler conception of the universe has ever been held than his matured philosophy.

All this and more, Dr. Grabo gives us. His method of exposition is slow, taking in chronological order passages from letters, treatises, poems to reconstruct the developing

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patterns of Shelley's conceptions. And as he proceeds, the poems, examined in the light of Shelley's thoughts at the moment when each was written, take on new clarity. The total impression of the volume is that of continuous illumination of a most difficult body of verse. If Dr. Grabo now and then, as he does, admits that he is stumped in his search for meaning, it merely proves that there is still much work to be done.

Unfortunately, as I think, Professor Grabo eschews all footnotes and references; in short, ignores the abundant scholarship of others and merely gives his own, not always indisputable, conclusions. He assumes too readily that the reader is completely familiar with his own previous studies, so that in discussing certain poems, like "The Witch of Atlas," he leaves him quite at sea. And the book is too often wordy and repetitious. But with all its defects, the work is of first-rate importance. HORACE A. EATON.

Getting Analyzed

Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis, by Lawrence Kubie, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 223 pages. $2.

SINCE the excitement occasioned by Sigmund Freud's first impact on the popular consciousness, psychoanalysis has become less publicized, but also better correlated with orthodox medicine and more standardized in its technique. The vagaries of early misinterpretation and unprofessional exploitation have, however, left many false impressions, both among physicians and the laity, which it is Dr. Kubie's purpose to correct in this concise volume. He attempts, not to explain the practice and theory in any detail, but rather to answer some of the more frequent questions by those unacquainted with the recent developments.

Who should be analyzed? The technique is not a cure-all, but it may be indicated for many ills which to the layman show no sign of mental origin. On the other hand, it is not to be recommended for some of the more recognizable types of mental disease. A preliminary "trial analysis" is now customary to test whether the patient is likely to be helped and is likely to want the somewhat disturbing and prolonged experience which a full analysis offers. How should the analyst be selected? He should be a member of a recognized psychoanalytic institute or society; such membership means that he is a graduate of a grade-A medical school, has had a thorough training in general medicine, neurology and psychiatry, and has also undergone a rigorous course of education in his specialty. A friend or a friend of the family should not be chosen. There should be no casual social contacts between the analyst and the patient, since the former must maintain a purely professional, impersonal attitude. How does the treatment proceed? By daily sessions over a long period, in which the earnest coöperation of the patient is essential. It is not the function of the analyst to give advice, or to cure by suggestion or faith. Is quick improvement to be expected? No; on the contrary, the patient may feel worse for a time because of the uncovering and facing of emotional difficulties which previously had been masked. Is a permanent cure to be counted upon? The percentage of success with properly chosen cases is high, but there are failures just as in other departments of medicine, and success itself may be relative. Analysts suffer even more than other doctors because their successes frequently do not become known, whereas a failure may falsely be attributed to the doctor or the method rather than to the advanced stage of the case, which sometimes is not obvious at the beginning. A successful analysis does not make a person more introspective, but rather more objective and capable. Analysis saves marriages more often than the contrary.

Other psychoanalysts might wish to modify some opinions expressed in Dr. Kubie's book, but in the main it is a sensible corrective for the more lurid and fantastic views of the subject. It will be particularly useful to the physician who refers a patient to an analyst, or to anyone who thinks of going himself, or who has a friend or relative under analysis. G. S.

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Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, has written numerous books and articles dealing with history, economics and international affairs.

THOMAS WOLFE, a native of North Carolina, is the author of "Look Homeward, Angel," "Of Time and the River" and other books. His present short novel was suggested by a recent trip to Germany, where his books are well known. He is now at work on a new long novel that bears the tentative title "The Life and Times of Joseph Doaks."

T. S. MATTHEWS is the author of numerous articles and book reviews that have appeared in The New Republic and other magazines. His second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," was published last fall by Random House.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is taking a year's leave of absence from the University of Chicago to serve as visiting lecturer in Political Science at Williams College.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE has written many short stories and a novel, "Salt House." She is now writing a second novel dealing with early New England life.

HORACE A. EATON is professor of English at Syracuse University. His biography of Thomas De Quincey was published last year by the Oxford University Press.

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MARCH 17, 1937
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Foreword

MORE THAN the presidential aspirations of Alfred M. Landon were washed away by the flood-tide of votes that carried Franklin D. Roosevelt to a second term in the White House. Amid the debris that lay scattered across forty-eight states on the morning of November 5 were the microphone of Father Coughlin, the silk hats of the Liberty League, the high stiff collar of Dr. Townsend and, like the accumulation of wreckage left by the recession of every flood, "the power of the press."

"Do you realize what happened to you on election day?" editorialized The Christian Century in an open letter to publishers. "Do you know that thousands, probably millions, of the ballots which American citizens thrust into the boxes carried not only a vote for Mr. Roosevelt, but an equally discernible vote against you? Election day, 1936, was judgment day for America's daily press."

But what prompted such passing of judgment? This was the unanswered question. This, to a large degree, is the question unanswered still. Nor does any answer absolute and final seem possible. Behind the newspapers of America lies America itself: confused, complex, contradictory. In attempting to answer the question, "What caused the rout of the press in 1936?" one might well write a history of the United States from 1704 and The Boston News Letter, to 1937 and New York's tabloids.

The task demands a heroic historian. Equally heroic must be the statistician who would give an unassailable answer to one of the most mooted questions of our time—the exact percentage of newspaper circulation that might be designated as pro-Roosevelt or pro-Landon. Such an answer would have to be based upon a careful and accurate study of every newspaper, both daily and weekly, published in the United States.

We have not set ourselves such a lifetime task. This examination is based upon the daily newspapers published in our fifteen largest cities. By thus narrowing our focus we believe it possible to reach conclusions more valid than would result from a more ambitious, though less accurate, survey. We have attempted to discover, among other things, the percentage of pro-Roosevelt and pro-Landon circulation in these cities and, since we believe this to be a more important question, to what extent were facts colored or distorted. Sound public opinion, obviously, cannot be developed without access to the news: and the conduct of certain newspapers in the 1936 campaign gives rise to considerable doubt as to whether such access is possible in much of the daily press.

The newspapers we have examined, it might be pointed out, include some of the largest and most powerful journals in the United States—those that we think of, consciously or not, when we use the phrase "the power of the press." Each of these newspapers lies in what we have called "competitive areas"—areas, that is, where both candidates presumably had a chance of winning. The Solid South is therefore automatically eliminated: not only because the Democratic victory there was a foregone conclusion, but also because none of its cities is among the nation's fifteen largest.

I. Press vs. Public

A Comparative Table of Circulation[1] and Votes[2] in the Fifteen Largest Cities of the United States

New York City (including Brooklyn)	
Pro-Roosevelt circulat'n: 2,586,124	Pro-Landon circulat'n: 2,296,050
Democratic vote: 2,041,347	Republican vote: 665,951
Chicago	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 228,386	Pro-Landon circulat'n: 1,975,691
Democratic vote: 1,253,164	Republican vote: 701,206
Philadelphia	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 221,927	Pro-Landon circulat'n: 1,114,609
Democratic vote: 539,757	Republican vote: 329,881
Detroit	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: (none)	Pro-Landon circulation: 814,724
Democratic vote: 404,055	Republican vote: 190,732
Los Angles	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 74,252	Pro-Landon circulation: 727,515
Democratic vote: 757,351	Republican vote: 357,401
Cleveland	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 394,049	Pro-Landon circulation: 111,615
Democratic vote: 311,117	Republican vote: 128,947
St. Louis	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: (none)	Pro-Landon circulation: 568,083
Democratic vote: 260,063	Republican vote: 127,887
Baltimore	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: (none)	Pro-Landon circulation: 200,344
Independent: 280,994	
Democratic vote: 210,668	Republican vote: 97,667
Boston	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 358,412	Pro-Landon circulat'n: 1,158,352
Democratic vote: 223,732	Republican vote: 96,418
Pittsburgh	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 167,526	Pro-Landon circulation: 354,035
Democratic vote: 366,593	Republican vote: 176,224
San Francisco	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 94,117	Pro-Landon circulation: 388,057
Democratic vote: 196,197	Republican vote: 65,436
Milwaukee	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 219,670	Pro-Landon circulation: 205,663
Democratic vote: 221,512	Republican vote: 54,811
Buffalo	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 91,052	Pro-Landon circulation: 323,355
Democratic vote: 183,555	Republican vote: 152,312
Washington, D. C.	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: 74,609	Pro-Landon circulation: 443,441
Minneapolis	
Pro-Roosevelt circulation: (none)	Pro-Landon circulation: 255,164
Independent circulation: 80,741	
Democratic vote: 144,289	Republican vote: 81,206
Totals	
Pro-Roosevelt circulat'n: 4,510,124 or 29.2 percent.	Pro-Landon circulat'n: 10,936,698 or 70.8 percent.
Democratic vote: 7,113,400 or 69 percent.	Republican vote: 3,226,079 or 31 percent.

Concerning the above figures, little needs to be said. Approximately 71 percent of the total circulation of the fifteen cities, as our final tabulation shows, was hostile to Roosevelt. (These figures are exclusive of the circulation we have listed as "independent.") The remaining 29 percent (and this includes the cir-

[1] As given in Editor and Publisher's International Year Book for 1936.

[2] As given in The World Almanac for 1937.

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culation of such large newspapers as The New York Daily News, The New York Times, The New York World-Telegram) was friendly to him. It is interesting to note that the four New York City newspapers supporting Roosevelt had a combined circulation of 2,492,713—more than half of the total pro-Roosevelt circulation. This concentration in New York City left but a circulation of 1,821,109 to be distributed among the other fourteen cities—as well as Brooklyn: whereas the pro-Landon circulation in these cities, after the New York City figures are deducted, is shown to be 9,725,717. It is also to be noted that only in three cities—New York, Cleveland and Milwaukee—did Mr. Roosevelt have a majority of the newspaper circulation.

In four cities—Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore and Minneapolis—he had no circulation whatsoever. In each of these cities, however, the Democratic candidate won by a substantial margin. In Detroit, Mr. Roosevelt's lead over Mr. Landon was 213,323; in St. Louis, 132,176; in Baltimore, 113,001; in Minneapolis, 63,083. An interesting side-light is provided by the fact that in Pittsburgh the Democratic vote roughly equaled the pro-Landon circulation while the Republican vote roughly equaled the pro-Roosevelt circulation.

It should be noted, in connection with the figures above, that all the newspapers we have examined have a circulation outside their home cities: reaching into what advertising departments call "trading areas." This opens the door to some possibility of error with regard to the relationship of votes to circulation. Since not all of the circulation of The Chicago Tribune, for example, is confined to Chicago, it would be erroneous to assume that The Tribune's total circulation could affect the Chicago election. The same thing, however, is true of The New York Times in respect to the vote in New York City. Rather than involve ourselves in a maze of figures, therefore, we have assumed, on reasonable evidence, that the same proportion of extra-city circulation prevailed on either side, thus canceling any advantage or disadvantage, as the case may be.

Little need be said in connection with the total vote of the fifteen cities. As our figures show, the circulation ratio (71 percent to 29 percent) was practically reversed—Mr. Roosevelt receiving 69 percent of the total vote and Mr. Landon 31 percent.

The percentage applying to newspaper circulation would naturally be reduced if the circulation of Southern newspapers were included, but since the South was not a competitive area, and since Southern newspapers did little to influence the outcome of the election, it would tend to confuse rather than clarify the issue. On the subject of Southern newspapers, we think it may be said that most of them supported Mr. Roosevelt, not because their owners thought or felt differently from publishers in other parts of the country, but because popular sentiment was so clearly indicated (as by the rout of Talmadge in Georgia) that it seemed wiser to support the administration—no matter how half-heartedly—than to oppose it.

II. The Press and Its Owners

A newspaper, *per se,* is a big business. Even a small daily, serving a city of 20,000 inhabitants, requires a capital investment of at least $50,000. Millions of dollars are needed to run a newspaper like The Chicago Tribune or The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The problems that confront every business man—overhead, production depreciation—confront publishers as well. The press, privately owned, must invariably reflect the attitudes and prejudices of private ownership. Publishers are business men: and, as Judge William Dennam of the State of Washington has pointed out, "Under the capitalistic system . . . news distribution as a public function will be in large part by business men acting under the inducement of the profit motive."

Publishers, also, frequently have interests beyond their newspapers. Historic, of course, is Hearst. Real estate, mining, motion-picture production—these are but some of his extra-publishing activities. Outstanding in this respect, Mr. Hearst is not alone. Rare indeed is the publisher who does not own a few shares of stock, a few city lots, a small stake in some other business than his own. Their economic advantage—and that of their friends and relatives—lies in the maintenance of the status quo. Like most business men—though presumably they should have known better—they were convinced that Mr. Roosevelt intended to remake the social order. Their economic interests seemed to be threatened. They were pricked in the same vulnerable places as the founders of the Liberty League. Remarkably honest, in stating its position, was The Baltimore Sun. On the morning of October 30, under the headline "Summing Up," it spoke as follows:

> The Sun stands for competitive capitalism. It is the system which most effectively uproots the unfit, the unworthy, the lazy. It is the system which gives place to the vigorous, the competent, the purposeful. . . . Even as distorted as in recent periods it has produced in this country a degree of well-being which has never been equaled, and in that well-being all classes of men have shared. . . . In 1933 The Sun declared that planned economy could not be effectual without such controls over individuals as would negative liberty. . . .

Few other newspapers matched The Sun for its open statement of economic bias. Few other newspapers, also, in 1933, failed to oppose "planned economy" on the ground that it would negative liberty. Faced with the NRA, the AAA, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, newspapers contended loud and long that basic American institutions were being threatened. The issue between the press and Roosevelt was joined, therefore, long before the opening of the 1936 campaign. Since early NRA days there had been skirmishes and sniping all along the front. The big guns, however, were not dragged up to the front lines until after the nomination of Alfred M. Landon. Then the offensive began.

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III. Behaviorism

(The Conduct of Six American Newspapers in the Campaign)

The Chicago Daily Tribune: One of the biggest, noisiest guns on the Republican side of the trenches, ranged right alongside the Hearst battery, was The Chicago Daily Tribune. On September 1, in a front-page editorial entitled "If We Want a Cheka," it began warming up for its final drive:

> Another senatorial investigation is under way under the congenial direction of Senator La Follette, one of the group addicted to this form of self-advertisement. Its ostensible purpose is to discover violations of civil rights in labor disputes. . . . The real purpose ought to be obvious. . . . The senatorial investigation is campaign politics and a fraud. . . . It is another New Deal Importation of European methods employed by dictatorships both Fascist and Communist. . . . If we want a Cheka in America we can and will have one by reëlecting Franklin D. Roosevelt and a Congress he can dominate.

In the above quotation may be detected the keynote of The Tribune's entire campaign—Communism, Dictatorship, the Inflammation of Class Feeling. But equally important, and even more conspicuous typographically, was the American Way of Life. Each day until November 2, with only the numeral changed, The Tribune carried the following page-one box, which is already historic:

> Only 63 days remain to
> save your country—what
> are you going to do about it?

Also on page one of its September 1 issue, The Tribune published a cartoon showing a factory with a column of black smoke coming from its chimney. Outside stands Jim Farley, who is saying "See! We did it," to a small, Milquetoastish taxpayer, who replies, "Seems as though I smell money burning." Inside the factory, one wall of which is missing, is a figure in cap and gown, obviously insane, who is shoveling bales of money into a furnace. This figure is labeled "New Deal Spenders," while a second figure, a workman, sits in the brooding attitude of Rodin's Thinker. He is designated as "Millions of Unemployed."

On September 2, over a Washington, D. C., dateline, The Tribune headlined:

> SAVING MAKES IT
> RAIN IS IDEA OF
> NEW DEAL AUTHOR

Humorous as it seems, it would be a mistake to believe that The Tribune had any intention of being funny. It continued as follows—in a passage which, it is to be remembered, was not presented as an editorial but as news:

> Wash., D. C. Sept. 1—The fiscal philosophy of the New Deal is expounded in a book called "Uncommon Sense," by David Cushman Coyle. The thesis of Mr. Coyle's little 147-page volume is that "saving for a rainy day only makes it rain."
>
> Mr. Coyle speaks with authority, for he has served as technical advisor for the Rural Electrification Administration, the PWA and the Federal Reserve Board. Unofficially he is a close adviser of Roosevelt. His authority to interpret the financial policies of the New Deal is further attested by the fact that the Democratic National Committee has purchased 50,000 copies of the book, thereby automatically placing it in the best-seller class. . . ."

Diligent search is necessary to find the hook upon which The Tribune hangs its fantasy. Finally, in a one-line quotation from the book in question, it may be discovered. This is the quotation: "Before the crash the American people were saving $15,000,000,000 a year. Instead of making us safe against a rainy day, all it did was bring on the deluge."

As early as September 2, therefore, The Tribune had embarked upon what may be truthfully called one of the most slanderous campaigns in the entire history of American journalism. Under the heading "Cockeyed Tax Legislation," it editorialized on September 5:

> Communism, which has been engulfing other countries, has been successfully defeated here very largely because of the payments made in lieu of relief out of corporation surpluses. With a Roosevelt in office determined to prevent the accumulation of surpluses, the chances for success in another encounter with communism will be slim. The presidential election is, therefore, not merely a battle between political parties, but a question of the American economic order.

Enemy No. 1 of the "American economic order" was, for The Chicago Tribune and most other anti-Roosevelt journals, not Earl Browder, but Rexford Tugwell. The hounding of Tugwell—and how vicious that hounding was will probably never be known—stands out as perhaps the most odious feature of the entire campaign. Typical of the attack upon Tugwell was The Tribune's page-one cartoon of September 12, captioned "The Ugly Head Is Beginning To Show Itself." A two-dimensional figure, like a cardboard cutout of an oversized Franklin D. Roosevelt, is shown half-fallen—supported by a traditional New Deal figure tagged "Tugwell, Plotter No. 1." In a smoky background looms a leering "Bolshevik," in Russian costume and with the whiskery growth all Russians are supposed to have, to whom Tugwell is saying, "Sch-h! Keep Down Until After Election."

Continuing its assault upon Tugwell, The Tribune published a series of articles, written by one Robert N. Golding, described as a Chicago lawyer, purporting to trace the "parallel of Tugwell's and Lenin's views." Characteristic of the tone and content of the series are these samplings:

> TUGWELL HAS HIS
> BRIGHT YOUTHS
> SO HAS STALIN

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WARN FARMERS OF THEIR FUTURE UNDER DICTATOR

How The Lenin-Tugwell Plan Will Work

> Do you know why the Roosevelt administration doesn't care how much foreign wheat, corn, pork, beef, etc., is imported? Because the Roosevelt socialist thinks internationally—against capitalism. The American socialist considers the American business man and land-owning farmer his enemy and considers the foreign peasant his friend. . . . Part 7 of Tugwell's book on "Our Economic Society and Its Problems" is entitled "Raising the Levels of Living by International Coöperation." What does he mean? Just what I said. . . .

Tugwell, whipping-boy though he was, was not the only target for The Tribune. Not a day passed without several volleys being loosed in the direction of President Roosevelt. Typical—and something of a classic—is the page-one boxed editorial that appeared on September 23:

IN FASCIST BERLIN

> Protestants may not worship God as they see fit.
>
> Catholics are persecuted for daring to instruct their children in their faith.
>
> Jews are outcasts without citizenship rights. . . .
>
> As long as the Constitution of the United States stands as the supreme law of the land, and the Supreme Court retains the power to invalidate laws and decrees which violate it, there can be no fascism in our country, no inequality on account of religion or race.
>
> Mr. Roosevelt thinks our Constitution is out of date.

On October 9, after Mr. Roosevelt had made a speech praising the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, The Tribune reported:

MR. ROOSEVELT REFUSES, THEN SEEKS RED AID

Minnesota Action Belies His Words

On October 12, in another page-one editorial, The Tribune raised the bogey of inflation. Asking "Are You Ready for Inflation?" it went on in the following vein:

> A large American manufacturing company with offices in New York has complete data on all the post-war inflations. . . . Complete plans have been laid by the company to cope with inflation. . . . Every large corporation in America is preparing for wild inflation. Big business . . . is convinced that inflation is inevitable if Mr. Roosevelt's waste of public funds is continued another four years. . . . Informed people know that the only way to save the United States from a wild inflation is to stop the Roosevelt waste of public funds. . . . And the only way to stop the waste of public funds is to retire Roosevelt. . . .

On October 14, the TVA having come into the picture, The Tribune said:

DOOM OF SMALL BUSINESS SEEN IN NEW DEAL TREND

> In that area, 15,000 humans have been driven from their homelands. Over 125,000 acres of land have been taken over by the government. Homes have been burned, families ousted, farms covered by water, bridges blasted, highways torn up. Personal and property rights have been completely ignored.

This, incidentally, was a news item. Also a news item, bearing a New York dateline, October 28, was this account of the American Labor Party rally:

> The American Labor Party, organized by socialists and communists to mobilize radicals of all sorts in a "popular front," staged a mammoth rally for the reëlection of President Roosevelt here this evening. . . . The garment-manufacturing and many other plants were completely closed down by the exodus of workers who had been notified by the union leaders to show up at the rally—or else. . . . More than 90 percent of the audience *inside and outside the hall were persons of foreign* birth. . . . The leaders of the new party who addressed the meeting one after another spoke with a foreign accent. . . . On the platform were gathered many leaders of the Communist, Socialist and other radical groups. . . .

Any further exhumation of The Tribune's moldering campaign bones is unnecessary. A few remaining facts, however, should be read into the record. When an investigation showed vice conditions in two Wisconsin cities, The Tribune put this head on the article: "Roosevelt Area in Wisconsin Is Hotbed of Vice." In the course of more than a week during the campaign, the President was mentioned on the front page of The Tribune only once. On one day he was left out of the paper entirely and on another there were only a few lines on page 13. The peak of The Tribune's campaign, however—or its depth—was reached when it suggested editorially that Mr. Roosevelt had planned and abetted the banking crisis of 1933 in order to bring about revolution and dictatorship. Under the headline "Mr. Roosevelt's Panic," The Tribune on October 17 gave its version of the crisis:

> The bank panic of 1933, Mr. Roosevelt pretends, was the logical and inevitable result of the policies pursued by Mr. Hoover. The plain truth, supported by ample documentary evidence, is that Mr. Roosevelt's acts between his election and his inauguration forced every bank in the country to close its doors on March 3, 1933. . . .
>
> We shall let the facts speak for themselves. . . .
>
> Much individual suffering had resulted by 1932, but the banking structure as a whole was still sound in the autumn of 1932. All of the 4,000 failures together had accounted for only about five percent of the normal bank deposits in the country. To strengthen the surviving institutions the Republican administration had created the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with ample resources.
>
> *In the late summer and early autumn of 1932 there* was reason to believe we had passed the crisis. . . . The turn for the worse came shortly after the election of Mr. Roosevelt. It resulted from the growing belief here and abroad that he intended to tinker with the currency. It was hastened by the insistence of the Democrats in Congress that the loans of the RFC to banks be made public. . . . The effect was noted almost at once in runs on the institutions which had been helped. . . . By mid-

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> February the effect of this publicity was as apparent as it was appalling. . . . Leading Democrats had been pleading with Mr. Roosevelt for weeks to use his unquestioned mastery of the Democratic majority in Congress to halt these ruinous tactics. He declined to act. . . .

The Los Angeles Times and The New York American: Astonishingly mild, in comparison with The Chicago Tribune, was the campaign waged by The Los Angeles Times, one of the principal anti-Roosevelt organs on the Pacific Coast. Almost academic, after the hysteria of The Tribune, is The Times's leading editorial on the morning of the election:

> Rooseveltism has been a phenomenon of depression. Hard Times' history is full of such nostrum-peddlers who owe brief prominence to the willingness of discouragement to try any kind of patent medicine once. Every period of extensive business reverses and unemployment has produced a like crop of cure-alls and prophets of magic who, with the disappearance of the causes that gave them birth, fade out as rapidly as they rose. Where they are now is where Roosevelt will be tomorrow.

Ineffectual and half-hearted, after the roaring of The Tribune, seem these Red-Peril heads from The Los Angeles Times of October 18 and 19:

STATE PEACE OFFICERS
DISCLOSE RED PERIL

WARNING GIVEN ON LIBERALISM
FORD OFFICIAL POINTS TO PERIL

One of the biggest build-ups of the campaign, outside of that engineered for Alfred M. Landon, was the one given to Henry Ford by the rabidly anti-Roosevelt press. Loud thumping on nearly all of the Landon editorial drums followed Ford's endorsement of the Kansan. Said The Los Angeles Times on October 15:

> As important and effective an individual endorsement as any candidate will receive during this campaign is the wholehearted declaration of Henry Ford for Governor Landon. It will be politically effective largely because it is not political. Mr. Ford concerns himself but little with partisan controversies As one of the country's largest manufacturers and employers of labor, he views the presidency from the standpoint of sound business, successful industry and, even more, as it may affect the man who works.

In a similar vein, also on October 15, The New York American editorialized:

> The Ford endorsement gives the Landon candidacy a powerful pillar of prestige in the minds of thoughtful people.
>
> The nation has learned to place the deepest confidence in the judgment and sincerity of this great benefactor of industry and of labor.
>
> Mr. Ford is NOT concerned with politics or political parties.
>
> Henry Ford is convinced that Alfred Landon has the wisdom, the ability and the experience to serve the country well as its President.

Principal feature of The Los Angeles Times's campaign was a daily front-page box captioned PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE. This one, typical of the entire series, appeared on October 22:

> The Hoover administration encouraged the policy that sought to open markets in foreign lands through the lending of American money to these countries. . . . That it was utterly and entirely unsound I have demonstrated many times.—Franklin D. Roosevelt at Baltimore, October 25, 1932.
>
> *He demonstrated it again when he established the Export-Import Bank to lend money to Soviet Russia.*

Interesting, as an example of the fine art of making mountains out of molehills, is this item from The Los Angeles Times of October 26:

LANDON ENDORSED
BY ORGANIZED LABOR

> Topeka, Oct. 25—P. W. Burgess, Kansas City, Kansas, announced tonight that twenty-four organized labor crafts in Kansas, meeting here today, indorsed Governor Landon for the presidency.

Equally interesting, but for different reasons, is The Times's editorial for October 27:

> The administration believes that it has assured itself of victory with $27,000,000 of public money spent in the farm vote, the organized labor vote, the relief vote, the armies on the politically stuffed federal payrolls, the millions of "clients" of the alphabetical agencies and those in private business who stand to gain by a continuation of reckless government spending. If unlimited money can swing a majority of American votes, the election is, indeed, "in the bag."

Whatever The Los Angeles Times lacked in fury was more than made up for by The New York American. It was in this newspaper that Mr. Hearst addressed the President and his associates as "you and your fellow Communists." Even verse was employed in The American's historic "Save U. S. from Communism" campaign. On October 8, The American printed a cartoon showing a hairy, apelike hand writing "O K, Moscow" on a blank scroll that bore, in its lower right-hand corner, the Soviet hammer and sickle seal. Beneath the cartoon was the following poem:

> A Red New Deal with a Soviet seal
> Endorsed by a Moscow hand
> The strange result of an alien cult
> In a liberty-loving land.
>
> The truth is out and there is no doubt
> Of the trend of the New Deal heads
> Their plans are made and their course is laid
> With the blessings of the Reds.
>
> All freemen shrink as they pause to think
> Of the threatening Moscow tide
> But the evidence there stands red and bare
> And it cannot be denied.

On October 31, on the eve of the election, The American ran an eight-column editorial captioned:

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THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA WANT ROOSEVELT

Proof abounds that Socialists, Radicals and Communists are ENTIRELY SATISFIED with the Roosevelt administration and WANT IT CONTINUED.

Mr. Landon is the candidate of those who say the American system SHALL be preserved.

Mr. Roosevelt is the candidate of those who say it SHALL NOT be preserved.

This is the GREAT ISSUE, stripped of all camouflage. AS IT IS NOW ABOUT TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Mr. Hearst, abroad in London, keeping one eye on King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson, kept the other on politics at home. From London, over his signature, he cabled the following on October 21:

Let us consider carefully WHAT you are voting for and what you are going to get if you vote for Roosevelt.

First, you are going to get an unbalanced budget for another four years.

Roosevelt has never balanced the budget and he never will.

He likes to spend the money.

Why should he not like to spend it?

It is not his money. It is your money.

He likes to put his friends and supporters and their friends on the public payroll.

Why should he not like to do it?

It is not his payroll. It is your payroll.

He likes to be a big shot. He likes to be a playboy with your money.

And if you reëlect him, he will think you like it too.

Since the tactics of Mr. Hearst are too well known to require any more detailed examination, we will merely reproduce a few of the headlines and subheadlines to be found on three pages (4, 5 and 9) of The American's issue of October 29:

BLOCK WARNS NATION OF PERIL TO LIBERTIES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DODGES GOVERNOR LANDON'S CHALLENGE

ROOSEVELT ASSAILED AS "REACTIONARY"

REVOLUTIONARY MASQUERADE IN U. S. ASSAILED

AMERICA'S FIRST COMMUNIST TOWN TUGWELL ABOLISHES PRIVATE PROPERTY

All Home-Ownership Outlawed in Greendale

Mr. Hearst deserves more attention than most publishers because, to a large degree, he set the tone of the Republican campaign. The Republican National Committee and Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, in particular, followed, generally speaking, where he led. By the middle of October, Mr. Hearst had dropped his theory that Mr. Roosevelt was merely supported by liberals and radicals and said, in just so many words, "How far is Mr. Roosevelt going to aid his fellow communists?" All the Hearst papers played up the charge, made by Mr. Hamilton, that Sidney Hillman and David Dukinsky, the New York labor leaders who supported Roosevelt, are communists. In support of these allegations, by devious reasoning, Mr. Hamilton called the present Spanish government a communistic one—and Mr. Hearst put this in headlines. Yet, even before the full extent of the Roosevelt landslide was known, Mr. Hearst reversed himself completely and climbed aboard the bandwagon—not for long, however. The President's proposal to reform the Supreme Court has restored him, in Mr. Hearst's papers, to his former status of Arch-Enemy of the American way of life.

The Detroit News: Many newspapers in the United States, traditionally independent but hostile to Roosevelt, found themselves in the same predicament as The Detroit News. To come out for Landon would mean to abandon their independent listings in addition to antagonizing those readers who were followers of Roosevelt. To maintain strict neutrality, however, was impossible. Many such independent journals, faced with this dilemma, followed the course pursued by The Detroit News. Playing up Landon in their news columns, playing down Roosevelt as much as possible, they sniped at the New Deal from their editorial pages. Relatively neutral in its presentation of the news, indulging in little or no distortion, The Detroit News was nevertheless pro-Landon editorially. On October 15, speaking of Henry Ford's endorsement of Landon, it said:

We think particular note is due Henry Ford's estimate of the quality in Governor Landon usually called "backbone." . . . Mr. Ford's opinion and ours coincide with impressions made by study after study of the Landon record and on critical visitors in personal contact with the Kansan. . . .

Earlier, on October 12, The Detroit News thus editorialized regarding the budget:

Whose promises to balance the budget and put federal finances on a secure basis are most acceptable to the people—Roosevelt's or Landon's? . . . Landon repeated and strengthened his pledges to balance the budget and . . . if elected he says he will . . . and "is not going to take four years to do it." . . . At Pittsburgh this year, Mr. Roosevelt, while predicting a balanced budget within a year or two, said NOTHING of easing the hard task by making sharp cuts in the present rate of spending. . . .

Upon the subject of recovery, The Detroit News spoke in this manner:

. . . The early New Deal recovery expedients in the main were killed by the Supreme Court. . . . The business world and the weight of economic authority held them deterrents rather than aids. . . . Most of the recovery gains have been made since their nullification. . . .

In these, and similar editorials, The Detroit News revealed its partisan bias. So, in like manner, did many another "independent" newspaper.

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The Baltimore Sun and The St. Louis Post-Dispatch: These long-time Democratic newspapers provided two of the major sensations of the 1936 campaign when they deserted Roosevelt. Avowing strict neutrality, The Sun, despite its oblique suggestions during the earlier stages of the campaign that Landon was the lesser of two evils, came closest of all anti-Roosevelt newspapers to maintaining it. On September 11, The Sun outlined its position:

> Within sixty days the people must make their choice in the presidential election. It is, therefore, incumbent upon those who understand . . . to give expression to their views. The Sun now states that in this campaign it is unable to advocate the reëlection of President Roosevelt.
>
> This statement is made with regret. We remember Mr. Roosevelt's courage in the black days of March, 1933. We believe he has created in many citizens a new sense of civic duty. . . . But we cannot close our eyes to what we conceive to have been fundamental errors in Mr. Roosevelt's policies.
>
> . . . He inaugurated the New Deal and he based it upon vaguely formed and superficially considered ideas of planned economy. These ideas were directed toward nationalistic limitation of economic life and toward overriding federal control of economic life within this nation.
>
> We opposed the President's gold policy, we opposed his silver policy. We opposed the price-fixing, production-controlling NRA. We opposed the AAA and its ploughing under of food products. . . . Relief CWA and PWA have been extravagant. . . . TVA has passed beyond the status of a power yardstick at Muscle Shoals and threatens to become a government octopus. . . .
>
> But opposition to Mr. Roosevelt does not mean support of Hooverism or Old Guardism. . . . Where does Governor Landon stand? . . . Does he believe that the fundamental policy to which the government should commit itself is a genuine competitive system, with such liberal adjustments in tariff policies, debt policies, credit policies . . . and labor policies as will promote the kind of competition that is healthy and real?
>
> In The Sun's opinion, there is reason to believe that he does, but the fact remains that he has not taken a position in terms that commit him or his party. . . . If Governor Landon speaks in clear and bold terms, facing specific problems and taking his stand unequivocally on the side of true economic liberalism The Sun will support him. . . .

Stand-offish in its Southern dignity, growing more and more suspicious of Governor Landon, The Sun played numerous variations on its original theme. On October 1 it editorialized:

> . . . Some of Mr. Roosevelt's critics made the mistake of supporting warmly in 1933 his scheme for tinkering with currency, for regimenting industry and agriculture and for making the government an overlord of the people's daily lives. That was when they were scared. When they ceased to be scared, they did not call themselves names for yielding to panic and to the "do something" philosophy, which means "do anything." They called Mr. Roosevelt names. . . . He dances around it and tells a lively mocking story of an absurd old gentleman who lost his silk hat. . . .
>
> . . . But the intelligent voter will remember that Mr. Roosevelt did, in fact, attempt to bring all of American industry under the control of the federal government. . . . The intelligent voter will remember that a unanimous Supreme Court knocked out the scheme. The intelligent voter will remember that Mr. Roosevelt said at the time that the Court had put the country back to horse-and-buggy days, but now, despite horse and buggy, he boasts of continued recovery.

Contrary to the great hullabaloo raised in the anti-Roosevelt press when Al Smith first came out for Landon, The Sun was inclined to consider the incident as of no particular importance:

> The President in his Pittsburgh speech put up a tremendous argument for the unarguable, and attempted lightly to use the unarguable as justification for his entire administration. . . . But if his speech was mostly sound and fury, he was well matched by Mr. Smith's speech in New York. It was as though Al were standing in front of two pails, one labeled "Grudges" and the other labeled "Reason." He was so busy proving there was nothing in the first pail that he had not time to put anything into the second. . . .

But even The Sun, outstanding for the general fairness of its fight, could not resist taking a rabbit-punch now and then at Tugwell. On October 16, in an editorial entitled "Stop, Look and Listen," it said:

> If Mr. Roosevelt wins, public opinion must be on guard against some new Moley or against the resurrection of a Tugwell, rolling up his sleeves to make America over. . . .

The Sun's dubiousness regarding Mr. Landon increased as the campaign wore on. Finally, on October 30, in its editorial "Summing Up," it said a plague on both your parties and left the country to its fate:

> The Sun now repeats that it is unable to advocate the reëlection of Mr. Roosevelt. . . . It will not be necessary for The Sun to say . . . that it is no more able now to advocate the election of the Republican candidate. . . . What all of this comes to is that both are heavily tarred with the same stick. It is the stick of authoritarian government. In the general, both candidates are passionate devotees of liberal government, of individualism and liberty. But one of these candidates used an emergency as the excuse to stampede this country into authoritarian government and . . . the other, equally devoted to liberalism in the general, is in the particular equally dangerous. In the particular he commits himself to a program which invites authoritarian government as surely as night follows day. . . . It is, therefore, the duty of those who know what the fight is about to maintain the principles of liberal government at all costs, and to allow no momentary crisis to trap them into complacence toward one or another of the candidates who offer a threat to liberal government. . . . There we stand.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, deserting the Democratic cause late in September, conducted a campaign more like that of The Detroit News than that of The Baltimore Sun. Advocating the defeat of Mr.

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Roosevelt, it never argued very loudly for Mr. Landon. "The Real Issue," as it headlined an editorial on October 29, was seen to be

> . . . whether or not we want to abandon the home-rule principle, states' rights and the fundamental concept of our constitutional democracy in order to make a try for the "more abundant life" by setting up a bureaucratic dictatorship of "master minds" in Washington. . . .

The note most frequently sounded in The Post-Dispatch's campaign was that of dictatorship. On October 26, only a few days before the election, it said:

> The centralization of power accomplished under Mr. Roosevelt is infinitely greater, infinitely more fraught with dangerous possibilities, than that against which he inveighed so eloquently four years ago. . . .

On September 27, in the editorial that announced its desertion of Roosevelt, it said:

> In the simplest possible terms the overshadowing issue in the coming national election is whether or not we shall set up in America, in defiance of the American tradition and in defiance of the plain intent of the Constitution as it now stands, a government with vast and centralized authority over the economic life of the nation.

The Post-Dispatch, holding itself free "as an independent newspaper . . . to criticize the views and acts of Governor Landon both as a candidate and as President if he should be elected," was content to oppose Roosevelt, for the most part, in very broad and general terms. Akin to The Baltimore Sun in its denouncement of authoritarian control, it was also akin to The Sun in the fair treatment accorded Roosevelt in its news columns.

These general conclusions may be reached in regard to the conduct of the press in the campaign. The most noisome offenders, violating all standards of journalistic ethics, were papers like The Chicago Tribune and the Hearst chain. These papers not only prevaricated editorially, but distorted and discolored news. Making the most noise, they have tended to create the impression that the entire anti-Roosevelt press conducted itself in like manner.

This is not so. Newspapers like The Detroit News and The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, representative of a sizable bloc of American journals, lend evidence to the contrary. Avowedly independent, but actually pro-Landon, such newspapers distorted little or no news, played up few scare headings, simply took a strong—sometimes vehement—pro-Landon editorial position. Actual and complete neutrality was non-existent as far as we have been able to determine: but this survey, we repeat, is not presented as a minute examination of the nation's press. The closest approach to neutrality was made, as we have noted, by The Baltimore Sun—but even its readers, basing their presidential choice upon The Sun's editorials throughout the campaign, would have been led to prefer Mr. Landon above Mr. Roosevelt.

IV. Columns Right

(What Columnists Did in the Campaign)

Except for the 100-percent pro-New Deal Jay Franklin, the liberal Heywood Broun, the independent Westbrook Pegler, the outstanding United States columnists, when last seen on the morning of November 2, were marching rightward in the direction of Topeka, Kansas. Without an exhaustive study, it is impossible to gauge the influence of columnists upon public opinion. The following table, nevertheless, showing the number of daily newspapers in which the writings of the columnists we have considered appear, indicates their widespread range:

Dorothy Thompson	75
Mark Sullivan	70
Walter Lippmann	155
Heywood Broun	42
Westbrook Pegler	86
David Lawrence	150
Alice Roosevelt Longworth	50
Arthur Brisbane	180
Frank R. Kent	125
Jay Franklin	47

This table, however, is only a very rough outline of the picture. To be accurate it should include the actual circulation of the newspapers in which the columns appear, as well as much more related information—part of that heroic task we have not attempted.

Fortune Magazine in its issue for January, 1937, presents a few facts which bear upon our subject in a section of its Quarterly Survey devoted to columnists. In relation to circulation figures, Fortune pointed out that "estimates on the circulation of syndicated features are at best approximate. The syndicates themselves apparently are guilty of collective exaggerations in their estimates: those for only the six national leaders added together come to a greater figure than the total number of adults in the United States."

The question asked by Fortune, in its sampling of public opinion was "Have you a favorite newspaper columnist? If yes, who?" The answers returned showed that some 30 percent of the American people derived some measure of pleasure or intellectual stimulation by reading a newspaper column. The range, according to Fortune, is from 37 percent of the prosperous to 20.4 percent of the poor. Of the columnists we have considered, Arthur Brisbane ranked first in popularity. In fourth place (following O. O. McIntyre and Walter Winchell) was Westbrook Pegler with 4.1 percent of the total vote. Following Pegler came Dorothy Dix and then, in sixth place, Walter Lippmann was listed with a vote of 3.6 percent. All other columnists combined polled 46.5 percent and in this group, among various others, were Heywood Broun, Frank Kent, Mark Sullivan and Paul Mallon.

Fortune also supplies the following information. "The politically definite readers of Hearst-man Bris-

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bane voted for Roosevelt 66.3 percent." (Which tallies almost exactly with the percentage of the Roosevelt vote in the fifteen cities whose newspapers form the basis of this study.) "Even Mr. Lippmann's readers," Fortune continues, "gave the President more than 32 percent of their support, and pro-New Deal Pegler's went 24.9 for Landon. The readers of Brisbane rank first in each economic level but are most concentrated among the rich and the Negroes . . . while Lippmann belongs to the prosperous."

The major surprise among columnists was Walter Lippmann. Formerly an editor of The New Republic, a lifetime espouser of liberalism, he created a minor sensation when, in his column for September 8, under the headline "The Voter's Choice," he declared his intention of casting his ballot for Governor Landon. Said Mr. Lippmann:

> The fundamental difference between the two candidates lies, it seems to me, in this: Responding to a national impulse for recovery and reform, Mr. Roosevelt has conducted his administration as a personal, factional and partisan enterprise. Mr. Landon must, because the Republicans cannot control Congress in the next four years, establish a government of national union. Mr. Roosevelt has not collaborated even with important elements in his own party, much less with the conservative Republicans. Mr. Landon has no choice but to collaborate fully and continually with the opposition. He will never command a majority. He must persuade it. Because I am convinced that the problems which are likely to arise are insoluble by personal, factional and partisan government. I am going to vote for Governor Landon. I am going to put my faith in the combined wisdom of a representative government rather than in the personal brilliance and daring of an individual leader.

In his next appearance, on September 10, Mr. Lippmann continued his reasoning:

> If what we want is strong, ordered, free and pacific government, rather than crusades, adventures and dazzling exploits, we must rely upon representative rather than upon personal government. We must not look to the Chief Executive for the ready answers to all problems; we must expect him, instead, to organize an administration in which representative men will share the responsibility. We must trust to the President to make himself adequate by summoning to his councils enough adequate men.

On October 23, still explaining why he was going to vote for Mr. Landon, Mr. Lippmann wrote as follows:

> I think it is nonsense to say that Mr. Roosevelt is a Communist or a Fascist. But it is not nonsense to say that he practises a political policy and preaches a political doctrine which is habituating the American people to the idea that their livelihood, their income, their privileges and their opportunities are in the main to be provided, dispensed and controlled from Washington.
>
> If this tendency goes on unchecked, the control of the government will become the supreme prize. Everything will depend on who controls that central power and men will fight for that prize with an intensity that we have not known in this country since men felt that they must control the federal power in order to decide the issue between the slave system and free labor. . . .
>
> So I say that there is a fatal blindness in the men and women who call themselves liberal and progressive when they are eager to use centralized government in order to do good works more quickly. They are failing to see that if you use centralized power in order to carry out progressive measures you will precipitate a struggle for power on a continental scale. They are flying in the face not only of the deepest democratic and liberal institutions of this republic, but of the unmistakable lessons of European despotism and insecurity. . . . These dazzled humanitarians, so intoxicated for the moment with the wine of power, will, if they are not set down and set back now, prove once again how hard it is for the wise to undo the mistakes of the merely good.

We cannot, for various reasons, fully investigate the windings of Mr. Lippmann's intricate reasoning. It is enough to say—as Mr. John T. Flynn has already said in the pages of The New Republic—that he stood revealed, finally, not as a liberal but as a Republican.

Equally a Republican was Mr. David Lawrence, who, while presumably a neutral observer making a tour of forty states, peppered his column with anti-Roosevelt comment, direct and indirect. On September 8, he detected a strong tide "running against the New Deal that will mean reduced majorities for Mr. Roosevelt." On September 10, he detected a serious rift in the Democratic Party, saying that a counter-revolution was in full swing in the United States. On September 11, he expressed alarm about federal spending. On September 12, to conclude with Mr. Lawrence, he called "the New Deal machine" the "biggest in history":

> It is hard to believe, unless one examines the situation first hand, that the political racket has grown to such amazing proportions.

Rock-ribbed Republican, of course, was Mark Sullivan of the rabidly Republican New York Herald Tribune. No less rock-ribbed was Alice Roosevelt Longworth in her daily syndicated squib, "What Alice Thinks." These are two fairly representative samples of Alice's thinking, not hand-picked for their triviality:

> Mr. Roosevelt's offensive-defensive blustering has a certain synthetic, histrionic and almost collegiate quality.

> It seems a trifle irregular to have the President's views on important matters leak out through the indiscretions of his family and entourage rather than have them set forth unequivocally by Candidate Roosevelt himself.

Arthur Brisbane, with the agility that distinguished him, sidestepped "controversial" issues, saying nothing that would ruffle the feelings of his Democratic readers. Paul Mallon's daily column from Washington was unimportant one way or the other, filled with the daily doings of officialdom. Dorothy Thompson, also of The New York Herald

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Tribune, betrayed mixed emotions and mixed feelings. The tartest, frankest, most hard-hitting of all anti-Roosevelt columnists was the veteran and outspoken Frank R. Kent. No New Dealer, no admirer of Franklin D. Roosevelt's personality or charm, Mr. Kent gave President Roosevelt what almost amounted to a daily tongue-lashing. On October 1, he wrote of Mr. Roosevelt's Syracuse speech:

> What makes all Mr. Roosevelt's speeches unusual is the self-righteousness with which he recounts his achievements and the assumption, ignoring the existence of economic laws, the greater progress of other nations and the real charges against his administration, that single-handedly he pulled the country out of the depression and saved us from revolution.

The most complete revelation of Mr. Kent's point of view, however, was contained in his column of October 18:

> As the New Deal candidate, supremely confident and very gay, swings about the country . . . he tolerantly explains that none of the indictments against his administration have anything in them whatever—just a lot of nonsense.
>
> All the criticism is unfounded. Every allegation is just a political bedtime story. . . . This talk about his stirring up class hatred is just a joke . . . mere moonshine. It is all very lighthearted and bright, well calculated when supported by one of the greatest propaganda organizations of history and echoed by hundreds of administration orators to convince the credulous that nothing whatever has happened since Mr. Roosevelt came in not wholly sweet, good and in the interest of us all. . . .
>
> He did not, for example, fail to redeem his 1932 pledges and keep his promise of reducing the cost of government and the size of the federal machine. He did not try to force upon the country a scheme for regimenting and regulating every business, big or little, or to control the producing of food on the farm. The Supreme Court did not knock out these schemes because they clashed with the Constitution. All of the vast sums he has spent have been spent to keep the people from starving.
>
> None of it has been wasted on radical experiments. The huge debt he has piled up was due to the emergency; none of it was to enable young intellectuals to try out their campus notions of making America over. And, anyway, the debt is really very small, considering all things. . . .
>
> It may be the susceptibility of the American people to charm is such that they want another four years of this smug ignoring of the truth, this unctuous assumption that in New Deal leadership repose all wisdom and virtue. It may be they will swallow this sticky dose, fed to them by New Deal spokesmen. . . .

Of the eleven columnists we have considered, therefore, five were definitely pro-Landon (Sullivan, Lippmann, Lawrence, Alice Longworth, Kent); three were negative (Brisbane, Mallon, Dorothy Thompson); two were, generally speaking, pro-New Deal (Pegler and Broun). Only Jay Franklin was 100-percent for Roosevelt. It may be said, consequently, that some of the country's foremost columnists were included in the repudiation of the press.

V. The Unknown Quantity

(Radio and the Campaign)

Persons with a liking for simplification explain the failure of the press in 1936 by one word—radio. This would be a most convenient and handy key but, unfortunately, it does not fit. It simply opens the door to further complications which, if properly examined, would be as long and exacting a task as a minute examination of the press.

The school of thought, however, which holds that the spoken word was demonstrated to be more powerful than the printed word in the 1936 campaign, is refuted by one simple fact—that the Republicans did more talking over the three national networks than did the Democrats. This is shown by the following table, indicating the hours used on the radio by both parties, based on statistics provided by the broadcasting companies:

NATIONAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM	
Republicans	Democrats
39	22
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM	
Republicans	Democrats
19¾	19½
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM	
Republicans	Democrats
10¼	15¼
TOTALS	
Republicans	Democrats
69	56¾

These figures are fairly representative of the political use of radio time throughout the country. It should be noted, moreover, that the Republicans, in general, bought more extensive networks and more expensive units of time. On the Columbia system, for example, where the division of time was almost equal, the Republicans spent $430,000 and the Democrats $225,800.

Those who support the spoken-word argument may logically point out that it is not the word that counts but the person who speaks it—and that there is no orator in this country able to match Mr. Roosevelt. This is undeniably true, but since there is no way of telling how many votes the President swung by his oratory—or how many, if any, were swung by Messrs. Landon and Knox—the only deduction that can be made is that the advantage of the Republicans on the radio proved to be of as little avail as their advantage in the press.

VI. Conclusions

As regards the conduct of the press during the 1936 campaign, we have already reached certain conclusions. We have seen, for example, that the preponderance of newspaper circulation on the side of Mr. Landon did little or nothing to turn the tide of public favor from the leftward direction represented by Mr. Roosevelt. We have seen, in addition, that various newspapers—like The St. Louis Post-Dispatch and The Detroit News—conducted their

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campaign in a moderate, even-tempered way. It is not possible, therefore, or advisable, to tar all the press with the same brush.

The 1936 campaign, however, is over. Mr. Roosevelt is in the White House for the next four years. The press—like the President—is still with us. Various questions suggest themselves: "What is the future of American journalism?"—"Has the influence of the press declined?" We have posed certain questions, such as might be in the minds of our readers, and given our answers. The result might be called a short catechism about the press.

Q. Is the press getting better or worse?

A. On the basis of the behavior of some newspapers during the campaign, the answer is obviously "worse." Such an answer, however, needs additional clarification. Bitterness and violent language, especially in connection with politics, have long been traditional in American journalism. Some of the things said about Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936, for example, were not any more outrageous, fundamentally, than some of the things said about Abraham Lincoln in 1860 or William Jennings Bryan in 1896.

The way in which the press has become worse (for there are ways in which it has improved) is much more basic and important. There was a time in American life when newspapers, to a large degree, were mouthpieces of public opinion. The evidence of Horace Greeley's life is before us and we know he was speaking a sincere belief when he said that journalism was a public responsibility and a public trust. The day of the owner-editor, however, the day of the man who wrote his own editorials and even set them in type, has passed—except, of course, in the case of the country weekly. A large newspaper, as we have already pointed out, is a large business. To start a daily in any large American city would cost millions of dollars: and its deficit, before it began to pay its own way, would be millions more. The control of the press has passed out of the hands of the independent journalist and into the hands of the syndicate or corporation. Between the publisher in his office and the man in the street there is no contact. They live and think in different worlds. All we have to do is to remember how completely convinced most publishers were that Landon was going to be elected, to realize how ignorant the average editor is of what goes on in his readers' minds. It would be naïve, furthermore, to expect publishers to take political positions contrary to their own business interests. The newspapers that supported Mr. Roosevelt did so, for the most part, not because they sought a thoroughgoing reformation of the social order, but because they sought circulation and popular favor and were convinced that the changes proposed by Mr. Roosevelt would not jeopardize their own welfare.

The answer to our first question, then, would be this: The press is getting worse in so far as it represents the attitudes and aspirations of those who have become the voice of big business: or, if you like, capitalism. It is getting better in that the quality of its syndicated material is improving—such as press-association news, syndicated columnists, etc.—and in that a higher quality of personnel is coming into writing and editing. An important element in this connection is the development of professional standards and the demand for better working conditions brought about by the American Newspaper Guild: one of the healthiest developments in modern journalism and an influence extending far beyond the papers in whose offices the Guild is represented.

Q. Is censorship an important issue with the American press?

A. Yes—but not the kind of censorship that the word generally implies. There is in the United States no such government censorship as exists in most other countries all or part of the time—or anything remotely approaching it. The complaints of spokesmen for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association that the government has tried to bring pressure to bear on them are without any foundation in fact. They have been put forth in the endeavor to prevent the application of general administration policies from which the publishers wished to be exempt, such as the hour, wage and collective-bargaining provisions of the NRA, and the curtailment of child labor. There has been ten times as much censorship of the administration by the press as of the press by the administration.

Q. Is any censorship or control exercised by advertisers?

A. As a general rule, very little. There are, of course, numerous instances when advertisers have used their power to dictate editorial policies, just as there have been instances when papers have been purchased outright by financial, industrial or political groups. Censorship or control by advertisers, however, is far less than is commonly supposed. The feud between business office and city room is well known to every newspaperman, but this stems from the desire of some advertiser to get free publicity for his product or a story about the Employees' Annual Outing. A large advertiser will also sometimes try to keep the name of his son out of a paper, after the son has been in some unfortunate scrape, but generally he is not successful. Another point that bears upon the discussion is that many important advertisers (not necessarily national advertisers) are simply American business men without any specially defined political or economic views beyond a general conservatism. Not all the important advertisers in any one periodical, also, have the same point of view, so that the editorial position demanded by one group might be strongly opposed by another.

Another element that enters is the fact that attempts at open dictation are very hard to keep secret. Publishers and important business men do not meet in dark cellars to devise means of suppressing news. Even if they did, so many men coöperate in

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putting out a paper that the news of such efforts would inevitably leak out and even get published elsewhere. It is not worth the risk and, what is most important, there is no need for it. The publisher and his chief associates, by and large, think along the same lines as the advertiser. There is no great difference, for example, between the psychology of the publisher of The New York Herald Tribune and that of the president of General Motors. It is unthinkable that the former would ever want to print anything with which the latter would not, or could not, agree. The same thing is true as regards the press as a whole. Much of our confusion about the press arises from a tendency to think that journalism is still in the typesetting-editor stage. The press, as a whole, is now a part of big business and must, of necessity, reflect the attitudes and prejudices of big business. Witness, for example, the campaign now being carried on against President Roosevelt's proposal to reform the Supreme Court.

Q. Is the influence of the editorial page declining?

A. No one can doubt, after the experience of the last national election, that the answer is yes. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that this was a sudden or dramatic development caused by the campaign. The truth is that the influence of the editorial page has been declining for years and has come, in large part, with the passing of the editor-owner. Horace Greeley, writing in The New York Tribune, and Charles Dana, writing in The New York Sun, were writing for an audience who read them much as present-day subscribers read columnists like Heywood Broun or Westbrook Pegler. It would not be amiss to say that much of the influence once attached to the editorial page has passed over to the columnists—even though that influence, as it affects public opinion, was proved rather negligible in the last campaign. It is true, nevertheless, that what the columnists write represents their own personal convictions —unlike the anonymous editorial writers, who are subject to office pressure. This is not to say that the latter always disagree with the opinions they express. Many times they compose their themes around non-controversial subjects and most often they share the views of their publisher. Non-controversial subjects, however, editorials on traffic accidents and the conservation of our wild life, make dull reading. Newspapers themselves have admitted the failing power of their editorial page by publishing important statements on the front page. This is particularly true of the Hearst papers, but the practice was widely adopted during the presidential campaign.

Q. What effect will the radio have upon the press?

A. Very little, probably. We have already referred to the belief on the part of some persons that the radio acted as a corrective to the pro-Republican utterances of most of the important newspapers during the campaign. Those who hold this view will probably not be disconcerted to learn, as we have reported, that the Republicans bought more time on the air than did the Democrats. They might reply that whereas the Republican broadcasts merely duplicated the contents of the newspapers, the Democratic orators brought to the listening audience information and argument that were comparatively fresh and novel. This is true. It is also true, as we have said, that Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably the best radio speaker in the country. Five minutes of his oratory is infinitely more effective than two hours of ranting by Colonel Knox. The radio, it might be said, has returned rhetoric to its place as a political instrument. Political battles, in our early history, were fought by oratory: the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, for instance. Oratory declined in influence as the power of the press increased: and it could be maintained, by those who uphold radio's side of the argument, that just as the oratory of William Jennings Bryan was defeated by the press in 1896, so the oratory of Franklin D. Roosevelt defeated the press in 1936. This would be over-simplification to a dangerous degree, but the political value of the radio is not to be underestimated. Radio created Father Coughlin and it did most of the work for Huey Long; and the part it played in Hitler's rise to power has yet to be properly assayed.

The question of radio's usefulness as an instrument for the creation of public opinion is far too complicated to be discussed in space as brief as this. A few things, however, may be said. Thus far, the radio in the United States has been primarily a device for entertainment: hardly more than a musical instrument. Its usefulness, furthermore, has been considerably diminished by its role as an advertising medium. A radio program generally has to sell something and the selling power of a discussion on the Supreme Court, or the Japanese penetration of China, would have to be rated a few degrees below nil. This circumstance, while permitting us to enjoy comedians like Fred Allen and Jack Benny, has not aided the radio as an instrument of public education.

It is also to be remembered that the radio began as a by-product of the electric utilities and this too has contributed to the timidity with which public affairs are discussed over the air. There have been numerous instances of radio censorship such as were reported in a survey prepared for the American Civil Liberties Union, which presented some 150 case histories of complete or partial radio suppression. Against such a background, any display of courage is greeted with applause. For example, the Columbia Broadcasting System was highly praised for granting time on the air to the Communist Party: and in view of the protests that followed, such praise was well merited. Even the most conservative newspapers, however, printed the speeches in question after they had been delivered. Generally speaking, the press, despite its many limitations, has proved far more courageous than the radio. No one can reasonably hope that the radio, left to its own devices, will become a useful antidote to the conservatism or the reactionary attitude of the press.

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Another fact frequently overlooked is that the press and the radio are gradually coming to a common ownership. Nearly two hundred radio stations —one-third of the total number and more than a third in terms of power, listening area and size of audience—are owned or controlled by newspapers. Both the Hearst and the Scripps-Howard chains are acquiring stations as rapidly as possible. The latter, perhaps stung by the $114,000,000 spent last year for advertising on the radio, have employed M. H. Aylesworth, who, until a short time ago, was head of the National Broadcasting Company, to work in the same field for them. It is true that Senator Wheeler of Montana has introduced a bill to prohibit joint ownership of newspapers and radio facilities but there seems little likelihood that it will pass —and, if it does, there is a good chance that its terms may be evaded without much difficulty. The present problems of radio—censorship, private ownership, etc.—seem likely to remain as they are until they are eliminated either by effective legislation or governmental control.

Q. How can the press be improved? What is its future?

A. It is always easier to draw up an indictment than to suggest practicable methods of reform. One thing, however, is certain: the press will not reform itself. Tangible evidence of this is the fact that the blow delivered to American journalism last November has had but little effect upon those persons who own or control the press. Even Hearst, who reversed himself after the election, has reverted to the tactics he used in the campaign. It would seem, indeed, that men like Hearst are unable to learn by experience. The campaign now being waged by much of the press against Mr. Roosevelt's plan to reform the Supreme Court is practically identical with the election campaign waged against the President.

It is important to note in this connection that many newspapers supporting the President during the election are now opposing the Supreme Court proposal. A survey made by The Christian Science Monitor, reported in its issue of February 17, 1937, revealed the following facts:

1. More than two-thirds of the responding newspapers which supported the President for reëlection do not support him on the Supreme Court issue.

2. More than half of the newspapers that have deserted the President on this issue are openly and vigorously opposed to the plan. Others are critical of the plan, seeking a better method for enlarging federal powers.

3. Of the seventy-five newspapers included in the survey, nineteen support the Supreme Court proposal, fifty-two are opposed either to the whole project or to the method, and four remain non-committal for the present.

4. The pro-administration papers supporting the President on this issue have a total circulation, according to Ayer's Directory, of 3,136,198. The pro-administration papers opposing the plan have a total circulation of 13,191,693.

We are not reporting the anti-liberal attitude of the press on this issue in order to say—or to imply—that the press should be subservient to the party or the state, abjectly accepting its program or enterprises without challenge or criticism. That is the position of the press in Germany and Italy and no progressive person anxious to preserve democratic rights and democratic institutions would want to see a throttled and shackled press in the United States. There are different kinds of shackles, however, and chains can be forged by big industrial and financial groups as well as by the State. It is just this, in our determination to preserve our democratic institutions, that we have a right to protest against. Our press should be free in fact as well as in theory. The "freedom of the press," without which no country can exercise the free spirit of critical inquiry, must be made more than a moral smokescreen behind which publishers can hide their own selfish interests.

But let us return to the question we are discussing. Is there any way in which the press can be improved? It would be easy to avoid the question by saying that since the evils of the press arise from private ownership for profit, we can never abolish these evils until we change the pattern of our society. This, idealistically, may be true, but at the present stage of our history it is better to face the problem as it stands before us.

One suggestion that often has been made proposes endowed newspapers which would seek to earn only enough to cover their operating expenses and which would be conducted primarily for the good of the community. Such an experiment (provided the endowment could be found) would have the greatest usefulness, particularly in determining whether the community could be induced to support a paper of this type. The history of independent and reformist journalism in this country is not particularly inspiring or happy. All about us are the graves of high-minded journals that have starved to death simply because the people in whose behalf they were struggling could not be induced to support them. An endowed newspaper would not be faced with this struggle for existence but the problem of reader-support would still remain. The observation has often been made that earnest reformers do not know how to produce interesting journalism and that men with a genius for making newspapers are not very much interested in reform. Both these statements, however, are too sweeping: and there is no reason why an endowed newspaper of this type should not be put to the test in at least one community.

Another suggestion that has been made calls for an increase in the price of newspapers: thus removing the pressure from advertisers and bankers. At present the production cost of a daily newspaper ranges from six to ten cents and the publisher makes up his loss, and derives all his profit, from advertising. Admitting that the pressure from advertisers is not so great as is commonly supposed, it follows

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logically that if a paper could be sold for enough to cover the cost of production, plus a fractional profit, the hope of a better press would be enhanced. And if the masses could be persuaded in the interest of a free press to pay twice or three times as much for a paper as they pay now, the moral position of such a paper would unquestionably be strengthened. The grave objection to this, of course, is the simple fact that very few people would be willing—or could afford—to pay ten cents or more for a daily newspaper. It is the general consensus that such a paper could not possibly succeed in any city unless it had a monopoly of its field.

The way to reform the press is more simple, and more complete, than any of the proposals generally advanced. Publishers are businessmen and every businessman, in order to survive, has to sell his wares. If enough readers would protest against the policy of any paper that falsifies its news and betrays the public interest, even the most cynical and callous publisher would have to mend his ways. The profits of a newspaper come from advertising: and advertising is sold on circulation. When circulation lags, advertising lags—and profits become losses. No publisher can fight against a declining circulation curve—and it is within the power of the people to lower the circulation of any paper they want to bring to heel.

We are not advocating, except in cases of extreme necessity, the use of the boycott. Nor are we advising the immediate cancellation of subscriptions when an editorial expresses a point of view with which the reader might not agree. It is always wholesome to know the other side. We have to recognize the right of all groups to freedom of expression and we would advocate the use of pressure—by protest or boycott—only when publishers color and falsify facts, and print editorials based on these distorted facts, to betray the public interest. In the present Supreme Court controversy, for example, the anti-Roosevelt position taken by much of the press approximates the position taken by thousands of American citizens. We think this position is wrong, based on misunderstanding and timidity, but, at the same time, we do not think that newspaper readers who share our point of view should organize into pressure groups with the idea of imposing their ideas on the papers to which they subscribe. We must not fall into the error of thinking that free speech should be granted only to those who believe as we do.

Of all the forces potentially able to purge the press, labor is the most powerful. The problem of the press, therefore, is directly related to the growth of organized labor in the United States. In the past labor was not strong enough, in the sense of organization, to exercise an influence able to counterbalance that of those who governed business and finance. Slowly, however, but surely, we are developing a labor movement that is gradually becoming politically conscious: and just as organized labor can win concessions from corporations like General Motors and U.S. Steel, it can also win concessions from a publisher like Mr. Hearst—by mass protest or, if this does not succeed, by mass boycott. Labor, moreover, can find allies in other social groups—among farmers and farm workers, members of consumer and producer coöperatives, professional and white-collar groups with progressive determinations. These groups, taken together, make up the greater part of our population. They are people who make possible the mass circulation upon which publishers depend for profit. They are, in short, the customers of every publisher: and, like all customers, they have the right to demand a high quality in the things they buy—especially when what they are buying, presumably, is truthful reporting and truthful news.

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